

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



## NEWSPAPER

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### LANG'S "NOTHING TO WEAR."

BUTLER, in his poem of "Nothing to Wear," made one of those happy hits which become immortal in literature. The inconsistency of a phrase so constantly heard in an age of extravagance, almost unexampled in history, give a point to the conventional miseries of Miss Flora McFlimsey, that drew laughter from all, even from the thousand copies of the great prototype.

Few of our readers can fail to remember among the artistic beauties that covered the walls of the National Academy of Design, at its last exhibition, a charming "Nothing to Wear," from the pencil of Louis Lang. A painter of merit, and rapidly rising in the public esteem, he needs but time to assume a high rank among the artists of America. We present our readers with a copy of the beautiful piece to which we have alluded.

The figure of Miss Flora McFlimsey, amid the luxury of her boudoir, where all breathes of wealth, ancestral pride and voluptuous ease, is charmingly conceived, and the chagrin on her fair brow, as gazing on her rich dress she is forced to confess that she has nothing to wear, is such a picture of real sorrow, that properly understood and appreciated, as it will doubtless be by our readers, it must move the sympathetic even to tears.

The charms of the coloring, in which Mr. Lang has been most successful, we cannot of course reproduce, but our engraving, made with a care and expense unusual in a paper, will give our readers a most satisfactory idea of this meritorious work of Mr. Lang.

### HERMAN A. WOLLENHAUPT, Composer and Pianist.

THE sudden and altogether unexpected death of Herman A. Wollenhaupt, on Friday, the 18th of Sept., drew forth an expression of universal regret throughout the city. He was so much respected by his acquaintances, so much beloved by his friends, so much esteemed and admired by all that his death seemed to leave a vacancy in every friendly household. We knew Mr. Wollenhaupt almost from the hour of his arrival in this city, and can bear sorrowful testimony, not only as to his high abilities as composer and pianist, but as to his truth and goodness, his nobility of character, and the purity and unselfishness of his nature.

Herman A. Wollenhaupt was born in Schkenditz, province of Saxony, in the kingdom of Prussia, Sept. 27, 1827, his father being Rector of the College there. Like most who have excelled in music, he gave early and unmistakable evi-



"NOTHING TO WEAR," FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY LOUIS LANG, N. A.

dences of aptitude for the beautiful art, and while his other studies were diligently prosecuted, every opportunity was afforded him to cultivate what seemed to be his mental specialty. When he was sufficiently advanced in his studies he became the pupil of the celebrated teacher Julius Knorr. He played in public when he was only twelve years old, and from that period up to the time of his visiting America he won much reputation as a pianist. He arrived in America in the fall of 1846, and after a brief concert tour, in which he met with good success, he settled in New York. He performed at the Philharmonic and other first-class concerts, and speedily became recognised as one of the leading musicians in the city. His great success as a teacher enabled him to send for his family before he had been here two years. On their arrival he redoubled his exertions, and succeeded so well that he was enabled to provide an elegant home for his parents, and elevate and advance in life his brother and sisters. He sacrificed everything to their comfort and welfare. He sent his brother Bruno to Europe, so that his talent as a violinist might have every opportunity of developing itself; and it was one of the pleasantest recompenses of his life that by his means that brother rose to distinction, and ranked himself among the first violinists of the age. Such was Herman A. Wollenhaupt as a man.

As a musician he was justly eminent. He was an admirable pianist, and as a composer for the piano he ranks with the first of his class. His style is his own; his manner is so marked that the least observant would recognise his music among all others. He was a pure, graceful, brilliant and impassioned writer, dealing but little with the claptrap of modern pianism, and never losing sight of the proprieties of art for the sake of a meretricious effect, which might, perchance, popularise a work. Still, his compositions are everywhere popular; in England and Europe they are all republished; they are adopted into the repertoires of study and taught in the Conservatoires; in short, they have become classics, and are even better known abroad than they are known here, where they were written. He was purely a piano-writer, and that fact accounts for the universal recognition of his works. Had he lived, he would have finished some greater designs, which he had already sketched out; but his work is unfinished, and art and humanity have lost a bright intelligence and a noble heart.

Herman A. Wollenhaupt was buried in Cypress Hill cemetery, L. I. His funeral was attended by all the musical talent of the city, and no man ever went to his last home more lamented, more honored, or more beloved.



Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson carried off their accustomed honors at the Fair—the *highest premium*—for the best double-threaded Sewing Machine, being the most perfect and simple in its construction and working points; also, for their Button and Eyelet-hole Machine for novelty and the perfection of its work. Diploma for a beautiful specimen of Machine Braiding, and a Silver Medal for Foote's Patent Umbrella Lock Stand.



## EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

**Domestic.**—The Committee of Claims on the late riots has decided not to allow any compensation for loss of life. This is absurd—a distinction should be drawn between a loyal man who was murdered, and the rioter who lost his life in the course of his illegal violence. They will also not allow for property stolen from the person on the highway by the rioters. There is little doubt that it will lead to considerable litigation.

The German population of Hoboken have shown considerable spirit; they have subscribed money enough to build a German Club House on Hudson street.

Mr. Eads, of St. Louis, gave a very high estimate of the Russian officers at the Metropolitan Hotel, on the 25th Sept. Several well-known diners met the illustrious strangers, and green seal speeches were made.

According to the City Inspector's report, there were 47 deaths in the city during the past week—a decrease of 29 as compared with the previous week, a still further decrease of 40 from the mortality of the week preceding, and 37 more than occurred during the corresponding week last year. The recapitulation table gives 5 deaths of alcoholism; 2 diseases of the bones, joints, &c.; 65 of the brain and nerves; 4 of the generative organs; 11 of the heart and blood vessels; 120 of the lungs, throat, &c.; 4 of old age; 10 of diseases of the skin and eruptive fevers; 7 premature births; 135 diseases of the stomach, bowels and other digestive organs; 50 of uncertain seat and general fevers; 9 of diseases of urinary organs; and 16 from violent causes. There were 267 natives of the United States; 107 of Ireland; 32 of Germany; 8 of England; 2 of Scotland, and the balance of various foreign countries.

The Court of Appeals have made a decision, in the case of the Metropolitan and Shoe and Leather Bank, against Mr. Van Dyke, Superintendent of the Banking Department. This decision is said to determine that "greenbacks" are a legal tender. Judges Denio and Selden are understood to have dissented, the remainder of the judges (six) assenting.

An invitation has been extended by the Boston Common Council to the Admiral of the Russian fleet and his officers, now in our port, to visit that city.

General Lane, of Kansas, has made a speech to the Union League of Washington.

Mr. Martin Olsen, the well-known marble mantel manufacturer in Brooklyn, says that nearly 20 years ago—Mr. Hyde, the President of the Gretna Ferry Company, New Orleans, wanted him to join the Knights of the Golden Circle—saying, it was a compact by oath of fidelity to the South; that sooner or later there would be war between the Northern and Southern States; that the North was getting too strong in men and wealth, and must be curbed; that Southern men were the only men fit to rule, and they intended to keep the helm; that they were opposed to naturalizing foreigners in less than twenty-one years, and that they preferred a more despotic form of Government; that they had in the South hundreds of thousands of ignorant men, just fit for soldiers, who could scarcely read or write, who would make a good standing army, while the noble chivalry of the South were the ablest men in the world, and were destined to rule this country, come what might. These are not probably his exact words, but the substance was as I have stated. He took down a very large book, containing the names of a number of thousand men—the leading politicians and planters, and merchants and others—all of whom had subscribed to the articles, and taken the oath of the order of this secret society.

The Board of Brokers, it is said, have purchased a place of property on Broad street, for the purpose of building a new Stock Exchange, of larger size than the present one. The new building will have entrances on Wall, New and Broad streets.

Rev. Dr. Massie, of London, who visited the United States as a representative of four thousand clergymen of England, and presented to the President a letter from them expressing their sympathy with the North, delivered his farewell sermon at the Broadway Tabernacle.

The residents of Yorkville and Harlem have been suffering from the sickening odor caused by the gas, and for several nights the greater portion turned out the nauseating supply and substituted what else they could. The stench was unendurable, and was everywhere. The Harlem Company have, as a consequence, been the recipients of severe censure. What caused this is not satisfactorily known, but it is generally attributed to the bad material used in the manufacture. Silver and silver pipe were discolored by the exhalation—a pretty strong evidence of its noxious character.

The American Freedmen's Friend Society held a meeting in behalf of the freedmen, and a relief fund for the colored soldiers, at the Methodist Church in Bridge street, between Myrtle avenue and Jackson street, on Sept. 27, at 8 o'clock.

The market for beef cattle was completely flooded last week, the receipts for the week exceeding those of any previous one on record, and reaching 7,051 head. Of course the market was not buoyant; yet prime cattle brought fair prices, or 10c. to 11c. Four cattle were 1c. to 1c. lower. The range was from 6c. to 11c.—general selling prices 8c. to 10c.—and the average price about 9c. Cows were in request, and firm at \$3.00 to \$3.50. Veals were steady at 5c. to 7c. Sheep and lambs were very plenty, and about 25c. lower. Sales were at \$3 to \$4, chiefly at \$4.50 to \$5.25. Swine were a shade easier. Corn fed sold at 4c. to 5c., and still fed at 4c. to 5c. The receipts were: 7,251 beef cattle; 155 cows; 694 veals; 18,122 sheep and lambs; and 20,244 swine.

The citizens of New York gave a splendid reception to the Russian Admiral and his officers, on the 1st October. The military turned out in fine style—the day was fair, and altogether a better procession has seldom been seen. The harmony of the occasion was greatly enhanced by the Russians speaking English so fluently.

There are now in New York Bay nearly 20 foreign vessels of war—representing Russia, England and France. They are all fine vessels, although fashioned on a model well-nigh obsolete now.

The Russian Admiral and suite, accompanied by Gen. Canby and Dix, embarked on board the steamer Traveller, on the 30th Sept., and inspected various fortifications in the harbor.

A grand Union meeting was held at the Cooper Institute, on the 30th Sept., to ratify the Union nominations made at Syracuse, 21st Sept. Senator Morgan presided. Admiral Farragut was present, and was loudly cheered. Speeches were made by Morgan, Farragut, Hamlin, Cochrane, Washburne, of Illinois, Hahn, of Louisiana, and Townsend, of Troy. It was a very numerous and enthusiastic gathering.

Gen. Sigel addressed a large meeting in Philadelphia, on the 30th Sept., on the war. He urged upon all present to support the Administration, declaring that in a very short time the rebellion would be subdued.

Mr. C. W. Whitney, the designer and builder of the Keokuk, associated with Messrs. Johnson and Higgins, of this city, have entered into a contract with the Government to raise the above vessel, now lying sunk off Morris Island. The work is to be prosecuted at once.

**Western.**—This war certainly brings out all the ingenuity of the American character. At Vicksburg, lately, two men, dressed as Federal officers, made their appearance, one with a book and the other with a basket. They told the negroes they came to collect the new tax imposed on them by Mr. Chase of \$3 for a male \$2 for a female, and \$1 for a child. They had collected a large sum, when one of the darkies, acuter than the rest, denounced to see their authority. This broke up their game, but they escaped with their booty.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat writes from Little Rock that two regiments of loyal citizens have been raised for the Federal army, and the third is now being organized. Many recruits have also been obtained for regiments from other States. The citizens, many of whom have been hid in the woods and the mountains a year and a half, through the streets daily by hundreds. They are welcomed to the protection of the old flag. It was reported at Helena, Ark., a few days ago, that Gen. Steele was falling back to that place, having left a garrison at Little Rock.

Emerson Etheridge is trying to eject Andrew Johnson as Governor of Tennessee in favor of Gen. W. B. Campbell. The reason given by Etheridge, that Andrew Johnson is anti-slavery while Campbell is pro-slavery. They are both strong Union men. The matter is now before the President. Our readers will no doubt recollect Etheridge's bitter attack on Mr. Lincoln some three months ago. Etheridge is Clerk of the House of Representatives.

The deputation from Missouri had their interview with the President on the 30th ult.; it was very interesting, and lasted three hours. On behalf of the citizens of Missouri, the members complained bitterly of Gen. Schofield, whose removal they demanded as indispensable to the safety of the State. They requested to have Gen. B. F. Butler placed over them. The President listened to all they said, promised to consider the matter, and give them a speedy answer.

The rebel papers put down their loss at the battle of Chickamauga at 12,000, claiming that the Union loss was altogether 28,000, including 6,000 prisoners.

Gen. Hooker and staff arrived at the Burnett House, Cincinnati, on the 30th Sept. As usual on similar occasions, he was serenaded. In his speech, acknowledging the compliment, he said he was going to talk to the rebels in the thunder of artillery. Gen. Butterfield, his Chief of Staff, advised the crowd to take care of traitors in the rear, while the army engaged them in front.

**Southern.**—The tugboat Leviathan, lying at the south-west end of the Mississippi river, was boarded by a party of men from the shore, on the night of the 21st Sept., and stolen from under the guns of the U. S. steamer De Soto. The theft was not discovered until after the tugboat had got several miles out in the Gulf, when a pursuit was ordered, and a few hours' chase resulted in the capture of the fugitive. The enterprising pirates who attempted this daring piece of confiscation were brought back in irons.

A special dispatch to the Louisville Journal, dated Nashville, Sept. 25, states that the rebels, probably guerrillas, had been repulsed with some loss in an attack on Shelbyville.

Mr. Spence, the well-known rebel agent in Liverpool, whose letters, signed "S," in the London Times have caused so much discussion, has got into disgrace with the Richmond press for stating that the result of the South gaining their independence would be the extinction of slavery. The secession papers resent this as a censure upon their divine institution. The Richmond Enquirer says that Mr. Spence is only Mr. Benjamin's agent, and not of the Southern Confederacy.

The two Richardsons, *pire et fils*, who were driven out of Baltimore by Gen. Schenck for publishing the Baltimore Republican, have arrived in Richmond, where they are quite the lions.

Gov. Bonham advises, in his message to the Legislature, the forming of citizens, between the ages of 16 and 60, who are not in the regular service, into regiments for the defence of the coast. He also is in the same boat with Gov. Brown regarding the impressment of private property, and asks that some policy may be adopted which will mitigate its evils.

**Military.**—Arrangements for the arrest of deserters have been perfected. The reward for this service has been increased to \$30 per man. It is determined to treat the recusants with the utmost rigor.

The campaigns in Texas and Tennessee are now said to have been undertaken without the approval of the General-in-Chief. They were inspired by local politicians operating upon the radical press of the North.

It is expected by Government officials that after the harvest recruiting will be brisk, induced by the high national and local bounties offered.

Seven hundred conscripts for the 2d Army Corps have arrived at Alexandria.

Gen. Meade is unable to guarantee to sutlers the right of way over the Orange and Alexandria railroad.

While the New York Herald positively charges upon Halleck and Stanton the defeat of Chickamauga, other authorities lay the blame upon Rosecrans, McCook and Crittenden. It is said that the two latter Generals are to be court-martialed. It seems strange that such harsh measures should be dealt to Generals who have hitherto been so exemplary.

Our losses in officers of Rosecrans's army, so far as they have come to hand, amount to one Brig.-Gen., six Colonels, two Majors, five Captains, and eight Lieutenants killed, and Brig.-Gen. J. C. Stark-weather, Brig.-Gen. John H. King, and 208 other officers wounded.

The time for enlisting veteran volunteers has been extended to the 1st of December, and the first instalment of bounty increased to \$60, reducing the amount to be paid at the expiration of enlistment, which is expected to encourage such enlistments.

**Naval.**—The destruction and capture of several blockade-runners is announced. The steamer Fox, which was captured in April last, was chased into Mississippi sound and burned. Another, the Alabama, a river boat from Mobile, was chased into the Chantrelle Islands and captured. The United States steamer Connecticut has driven on shore and destroyed the Confederate steamer Phantom, which was attempting to break the blockade of Wilmington, N. C. She is supposed to have been intended for a privateer.

The prize schooners Carmita and Artist were sold in Philadelphia Sept. 28, by order of the United States Marshal, together with their cargoes. The Carmita brought \$2,150, and the Artist \$2,900. The cargo of the Carmita consisted of 171 bales of cotton, which brought 70¢ cents per pound, with the exception of 10 bales, which were sold at 70¢ cents per pound. The cargo of the Artist consisted of drygoods, liquors, rope, malle, etc., which brought an aggregate of \$3,144 60.

There is now in course of construction by Messrs. Cramp & Son, of Philadelphia, a mammoth floating battery of 3,500 tons burden. She will be 80 feet longer than the Ironsides, with all the vulnerability and seaworthiness of that vessel. The same firm are building the monitor Yaseo, the shell of which is ready for the planking.

A new ironclad frigate, of a peculiar character, is to be built at Chatham, England. It will be covered with one uniform thickness of iron-plate, and will have a powerful battery of guns at her bow. The battery will be so placed as to enable the guns to be fired straight ahead, while the solid iron-plated bow will be carried up sufficiently high to form a sort of tower, in which the guns will be stationed. The extremity of the prow will be furnished with a huge steel stem, shaped somewhat like a cleaver, and this formidable weapon will cut completely through a hostile ship when used as a ram.

A letter from the United States steamer S-m-nole, from Rio de Janeiro, dated Sept. 12th, says that the most valuable prize of the war has been captured by the Seminoles, under Com. Rolando. She was British built, was over 300 feet long, and showed British colors. She has evidently been fitted out in England for a rebel man-of-war.

It has been ascertained that the captures by our navy during the war, up to the present time, amounts to \$30,000,000. Only \$100,000 of this sum has been awarded to captors.

**Personal.**—Gen. Cass is recovering from his serious illness. At one time his life was despaired of.

C. Edwards Lester, who was lately arrested on the suspicion of treasonable correspondence, has been released.

Hon. Geo. Harrington, assistant to Secretary Chase, has gone to London for three months. His beautiful and accomplished wife accompanies him.

The family of President Lincoln will soon vacate the Soldiers' Home, their summer residence, and resume the occupation of the White House.

Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin is at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Gen. Sickles, in passing through Philadelphia, on his way to Washington last week, was serenaded. He made a short speech, in which he declared himself determined to fight as long as he lived, if the rebellion was not sooner put down.

Gen. Graham, late Col. 5th Excelsior, had a gratifying reception from his friends in New York.

Truxton Polk, who has just been captured by the National forces, was formerly a Senator of the United States from Missouri, and was expelled from his seat Jan. 10, 1862.

Prince Salm-Salm asks the Corporation to advance \$10,000 towards fitting out the 1st regiment, of which Prince Salm-Salm is the Colonel.

Capt. Eids, who entertained the Russian Admiral and his officers at the Metropolitan, built several of the western gunboats which did such good service under the late Admiral Foote.

Francis George Shaw, father of Col. Shaw, who was killed in an assault on battery Wagner before Charleston some time since, has addressed a letter to Major Gen. Gillmore, wherein he says that he prefers his son's remains should be left where he fell and was buried, as he holds that "a soldier's most appropriate burial-place is on the field where he has fallen." The letter was written in consequence of unauthorized parties searching for the body with the intention of exhuming it. Gen. Gillmore replied that no resting-place for his son "could be found more fitting than the scene where his courage and devotion were so conspicuously displayed," and assuring him that on no authority less than his own should the remains be disturbed.

**Obituary.**—Major Robert M. Lee, paymaster U. S. Army, died Sept. 21, of heart disease. He was in his 60th year.

Hon. Harvey Baldwin of Syracuse, N. Y., one of the founders of that city, and its first mayor, died of heart disease on the 23d. He was son of Dr. Baldwin, and a grandson of a revolutionary officer. His ancestors came from Whitfield, Devonshire, in 1630, to Connecticut. He was born Feb. 4, 1797. He was a most energetic and able man, always putting himself at the head of every useful undertaking.

Peter Rozelle died in Oswego, New York, on the 17th ult., aged 111 years. Mr. Rozelle was of French descent, born in Brooklyn, New York, April 23, 1753. He has had two wives, the second of whom is now living, and is 82 years of age. He has had in all 23 children, mostly boys; the eldest, a male, died at the age of 82. This venerable man never used glasses, and could, at the age of 110 years, read common-sized print for five or six minutes at a time.

Solomon Porter, one of the oldest and most prominent citizens of Hartford, died on the 23d, at the age of 74. He was well-known as a merchant even before the war of 1812, and of late years his name has been connected with several of the public enterprises of that city. It is understood that he leaves an estate of nearly \$1,000,000.

The London Court Journal says: "The graceful, pretty and amiable Maria Bellamy died in Paris on the 6th of Sept., after an illness of 17 days only. Recently the whole city had applauded her in 'Romano,' 'La Priée de Pékin,' and in 'Le Secret de Miss Aurora.' She was buried on Monday, and the artists of every theatre in Paris took part in the mournful cortege which followed her remains."

Francis J. Grund, late Consul to Havre, and more recently editor of the Philadelphia Age, died very suddenly in Philadelphia on the 20th Sept. Mr. Grund was a native of Germany, but since he came to manhood has resided almost entirely in the United States. His age was about 60. For a long time he was Washington correspondent of the Public Ledger, and he has been a contributor to other papers. In 1837 he published a work called "The Americans in their Moral, Social and Political Relations," which was highly esteemed. In 1839 appeared a work called "Aristocracy in America, from the Sketch Book of a German Nobleman," edited by Francis J. Grund, which he is understood to have written. During the Administration of President Pierce, Mr. Grund was in high favor at Washington. He also had a foreign appointment under President Buchanan, and was Consul at Havre when the rebellion broke out. He returned soon afterwards to this country, and when the Age newspaper first started he was its editor. A short time ago he withdrew from that establishment, because, being a War Democrat, his opinions differed from those of his associates, and the line of policy marked out for the paper. On the 25th of September he made a long and very able Union speech at the Union League, and appeared to be in perfect health. He was a man of varied ability and most extensive information. He leaves a widow and one son.

Suddenly, on the 1st of October, while engaged at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, Major E. B. Hunt, who has been for several months engaged in the construction of a new submarine battery of his own invention, Major Hunt was a graduate of West Point, and at the opening of the war was engaged on the fortifications of Key West. In March 3, 1863, he was appointed Major of Engineers. His recent pamphlets of Union Foundations was a noble defense of our National cause. He was a brother of Ex-Governor Washington Hunt.

Capt. John Dunne, formerly aid to Gen. Corcoran, died on the 28th of Sept. of typhoid fever, contracted in Virginia. He was formerly sergeant in the British infantry, and served in the Crimean war, being at the taking of Sebastopol, where he was twice wounded. In 1854 he came to this country and entered into business. On the breaking out of the war he raised a company in the 16th regiment, and served with his usual gallantry. He was in his 35d year.

**Accidents and Offences.**—On the 16th Sept., Mr. N. Brown, the proprietor of the famous Fetter Mug in Russian street, was shot by a returned soldier named Nixon. He died in a few minutes. The perpetrator is in prison awaiting the action of the Grand Jury. His defence is, that Brown having knocked him down, he shot him in self-defence. Nixon was a cripple, having lost his leg in the battle of Ball's Bluff.

A lady was found drowned on the 19th Sept., on the beach near Fort Hamilton—from a memorandum found in her pocket it is supposed she was a Mrs. Parker, of Brooklyn.

**Foreign.**—A San Francisco telegram, dated on Monday, announces the utter wreck of the Russian steam corvette Novich, last from Hakodadi, on Point Keys, at the northern entrance of the harbor. All the officers and crew were saved. The telegram also brings information of the defeat of an English naval vessel at Kagoshima, Japan, whither it had gone to demand the surrender of some native murderers.

The Rev. Mr. Stewart, late chaplain in the rebel army, is lecturing in Liverpool, Birmingham and other cities in England, on the American War. He says that the war-spirit in the North is maintained by the persons, and that if they were to discontinue preaching in favor of prosecuting it the war would soon die out. This shows how reliable he is.

The trial of the Prince street rioters, Boston, who opposed the draft and almost killed the Assistant Provost Marshal, last July, resulted, to-day, in the acquittal of all persons on a point of law raised by Mr. Lennett. The point was, that the Assistant Provost Marshal who served the notices on the

drafted persons was not proved to be an officer, as required in the indictment, but only an employee.

**Art, Science and Literature.**—Giles and Elliott, of London are very busy on the Atlantic Telegraph Cable. An attempt will be made to lay it next summer.

Gardner, the well-known photographer of Washington, has published three remarkably fine photographic views, representing the New York Herald's Camp Establishment in the Field. It gives a vivid idea of the enterprise of the American publishers.

Mr. James C. Watson, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, writes to the Detroit Free Press: "I have the pleasure to inform you that I discovered a new planet on the morning of the 13th of September. Its right ascension is 50 minutes (time), and its declination 9 degrees and 50 minutes north. The motion indicates that the new planet belongs to a group between Mars and Jupiter. It shines like a star of the tenth magnitude."

Edward Everett is working hard on his new work, "The Law of Nations."

Gen. Winfield Scott is engaged in writing the history of his campaign.

Miss Evans, a Welsh girl, only 15 years old, is lecturing on temperance. She has been a public orator for the last four years.

Alexandre Dumas has nearly finished a new romance; it is called Emma Lyons. This was the maiden name of Lady Hamilton, Lord Nelson's famous innamorata.

The Emperor of Austria has contributed a thousand florins towards the restoration of the house Goethe occupied in Frankfurt.

An electro-magnetic phonoscope, for writing music as played, has been invented in England. The machine is small, and its motive power is electro-magnetic, produced by a voltaic battery, and working in a manner analogous to the printing telegraph. The machine having been placed in rapport with the instrument to be played upon, say pianoforte, harmonium or organ, the player manipulates the keys in the usual manner, and the machine prints his performance as he goes along, at a speed proportionate to his playing, the usual rate being fifteen inches of paper per minute. The printed notation is identical with that already in use, the only difference being that the heads of the notes are square instead of round. It must be valuable for composers.

**Chit-Chat.**—There was quite an agreeable scene in the U. S. Commission Court, on the 25th Sept., between Mr. Bailey, an English solicitor, and our ancient friend Mr. McKoon, in which the Celt and Saxon came out in full style. It appears that the English Government want our authorities to restore to their disconsolate Negatives a gentleman who has been playfully indulging in forgery. Now Mr. McKoon rather likes the company of this virtuous exile, for he resists the application; whereupon Bailey—old Bailey, a *nom de plume*, we presume, of Negative—flies into a passion, which draws from "our John" this pretty little speech: "It was but a witness in this case, not a counsel; and if he (Mr. McKoon) were to commit such an offence in any English court, he would be taken by the nape of the neck and thrown out—and would be served properly at that. It was but another illustration of the contempt which Englishmen indulged themselves in, in regard to everything in this country; and if the people of New York were to know of such an insult, they would pack the offender out of the country forthwith."

The German papers say that the fair Patti has expressed her disgust at the Frankfurt *svereiht*, in very good English, for not giving her a bouquet. They paid her well in florins, but she wanted tin flowers. A bouquet, she declares, is more to be prized than cash.

A play was lately performed, for the first time, at Drury Lane theatre, called "Nature above Art," of so "confused, incongruous and incomprehensible a plot, and such unintelligible language," that although it was a deep tragedy, the audience got so bewildered about the third act that they began to laugh, and have not even yet recovered the consciousness of a perfect identity.

In Great Britain the average of life exceeds that of France by 11 years, notwithstanding the superior French climate.

When we reflect on the immense population of London—3,000,000—one wonders how they are fed. And yet, day after day, the law of supply and demand, a law framed by no legislature and embraced in no code, regulates this. These millions are fed. Some one, a few years since, entered into some curious calculations on this subject. He estimated it would require a drove of cattle 72 miles long, travelling 10 abreast, to supply London with beef one year; and a flock of sheep, travelling in the same manner, 120 miles long. But his estimate of beer was most startling—1,000 columns of hogheads, each one mile high.

A young man, who is about to start for the New Zealand diggings, is making arrangements for the transport to that place of about 100 cats. It would appear, by the last accounts from that quarter, that cats are worth from £1 to £5 sterling each.

Alfred Fyler, of Onondaga, was exempted from the draft lately. Cause of exemption, "Murder—convicted felon." Mr. Fyler was convicted in 1855 of the murder of his wife, and after several years' confinement in the State Lunatic Asylum, was surrendered to the civil authorities, and discharged on account of want of authority to enforce the penalty.

A genius down East intends applying for a patent for a machine which, he says, when wound up and set in motion, will chase a beggar over a ten-acre lot, catch, yoke and ring him; or, by a slight change of gears, it will chop him into sausage, work his bristles in shoebrushes, and manufacture his tail into a corkscrew.

The Nevada Transcript says that Gen. Grant has reduced himself in the estimation of the Copperheads as low as Burnside, by the arbitrary arrest of Fremont and 27,000 other Democrats at Vicksburg. The Constitution gives the right to every citizen to bear arms. Grant violated this plain constitutional privilege by depriving a whole army of Democrats of all their arms. The Democracy of the Free States won't stand this unconstitutional way of abridging the liberties of the people—see if they do.

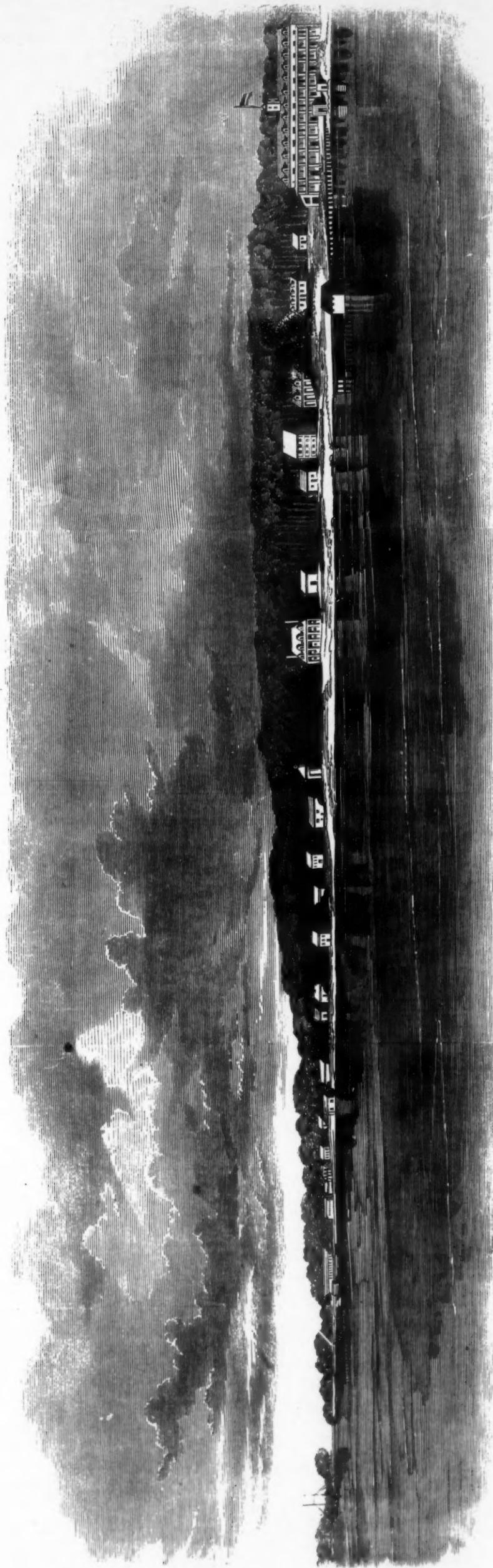
Everybody knows that Gen. Winfield Scott is a very impassioned speaker. On a recent occasion he happened to say "that if France invaded the sacred soil of America, we should imitate the Britons, who met the Romans in their boats." This fine simile was spoiled by the blundering reporter of the New York Express, who converted boats into boots! If the ancient Britons had boots and shoes, they were more highly civilized than we give them credit for. The Boston Guardian had a still worse rendering of the General's speech at the recent Union meeting. He said, "He wished that he had a window in his bosom that all might see the sincerity of his emotions." The type left the *s* out, making it read thus: "I wish that I had a window in my bosom!"

It must be very comforting for us all to know that Admiral D. Higgin, whose attack on Sumter was so fatal to our brave sailors three weeks ago, has regained his laurels; he has captured a poor Irish soldier who wrote a song about his "never doing nothing." The random ep thrown by the crazy Paddy must have been made for the Admiral, since he has owned it fitted him.

It will be noticed as a most singular coincidence that one of the 15 historic shells, recently thrown into Charleston bay by Gen. Gillmore, shivered the statue erected some years since, in front of the court-house of the doomed municipality, in commemoration of the late John C. Calhoun.

The Cornhill has an article on Nero, defending him from the charges that have made his infamous for 1800 years. We always thought that fiddling performance when Rome was burning was the slight exaggeration of some newspaper reporter of the day.





THE WAR ON THE GULF OF MEXICO—PASCAGOULA, GEN. GRANT'S BASE OF OPERATIONS AGAINST MOBILE.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. E. HUGHES.

## THE SIEGE OF MOBILE.

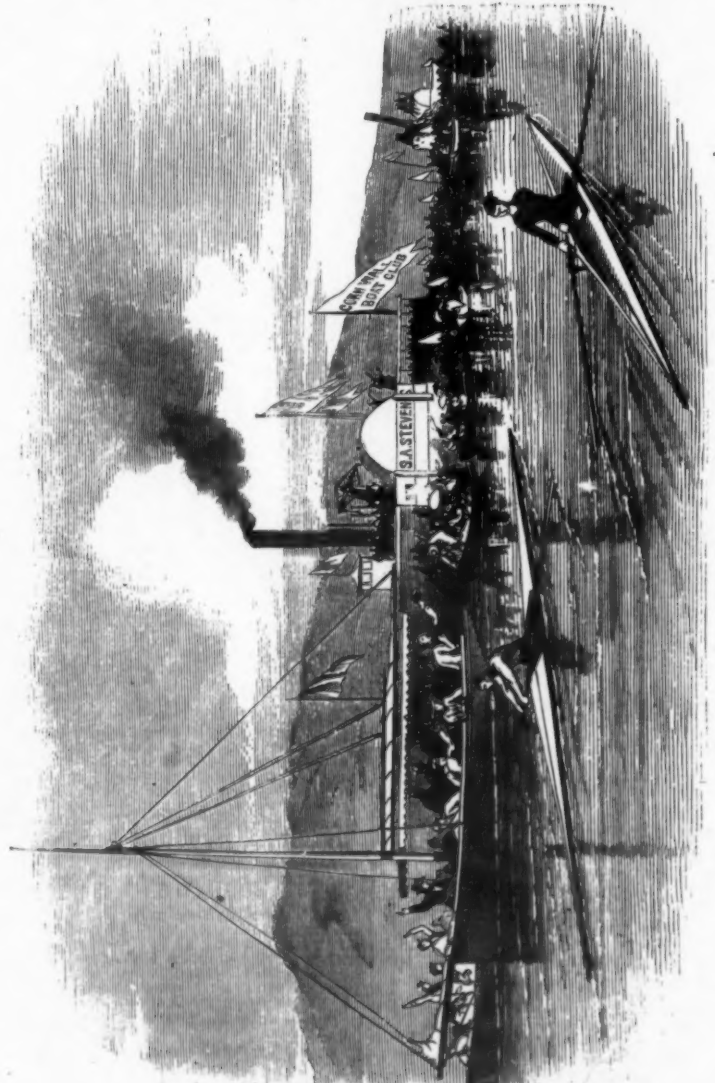
Pascagoula, Miss.

The next great operation is to be the reduction of Mobile, which the Government has unfortunately delayed to push with vigor, allowing the enemy to detach Dabney Meury's division from that city to swell the ranks of Bragg, and calling troops from Georgia that would have been kept at home by a blow at Mobile.

The localities around Mobile which are likely to come into notice will, of course, possess interest for our readers, and we have great pleasure in placing before them this week Pascagoula, selected as the base of Gen. Grant's operations.

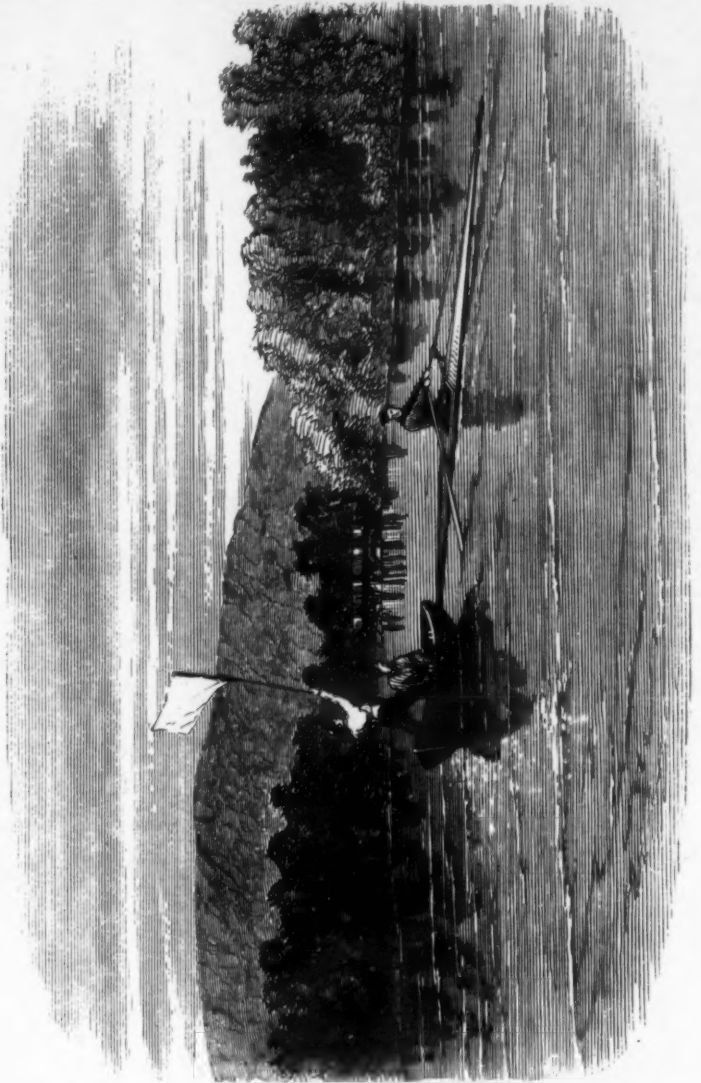
Pascagoula is a small town in the State of Mississippi, at the mouth of the river which bears the same name, and which enters the bay at the left of our sketch. The bay is shut off from the Gulf by low narrow islands, and the town was, in other days, a summer resort; the Pascagoula House on the right of our sketch being a centre of Southern fashion. The fourth building from it is now the headquarters of the rebel commanders, and the new bridge, now going along the shore with the columns of the residence of the renegade Gen. Twiggs.

The English troops at the battle of Waterloo had no defensive armor, and a committee of the House of Commons set to consider the best sort of armor for heavy dragoons, when a gentleman, Mr. Quaker, was asked by the Committee, "On being asked what armor he should like on another similar occasion, he replied, 'I think I should prefer being in my shirtleeves.'"



THE START.

THE HOWBOAT RACE BETWEEN HAMILL AND WARD AT FOURMERSIE, SEPT. 28.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



HAMILL TURNING THE STAKE BOAT.



## THE SIBYL.

MORTAL, wouldst thine anxious eye  
Pierce the dark Futurity,  
And before it is too late  
Read the awful Book of Fate?  
Answer truly, high and low,  
Simple questions—Yes or No!

When the houseless sought thy door,  
When the wretched begged thy store,  
Didst thou soothe the mourner's grief?  
Didst thou give the poor relief?  
If thy conscience answer No,  
Dread will be thy future woe.  
If it sweetly whisper YES,  
Great thy store of happiness!

When 'twas death the truth to speak,  
Tyrants strong, and freemen weak—  
If a freeman can, in sooth,  
E'er be weak, so strong in truth—  
Didst thou share the glorious fight,  
And battle boldly for the right?  
If thy conscience falter No,  
Dread will be thy future woe.  
If it boldly answer YES,  
Vast thy future happiness!

If the friend, who, at thy side,  
Stemmed with thee life's stubborn tide,  
Fell beneath some heavy blow,  
Didst thou shield him from the foe?  
Didst thou o'er his prostrate form  
Stride to save him from the storm?  
Or if wounded unto death,  
Didst thou soothe his passing breath?  
If thy conscience falter No,  
Dread will be thy coming woe.  
If it whisper gently YES,  
Vast thy future happiness!

Should the maid who, in her pride  
Of blooming youth, became thy bride  
Find, 'neath time or sorrow's sway,  
Beauty fade, or mind decay;  
Didst thou clasp her to thy breast—  
Dearer for her woes confest—  
Tend her gently, glad her gloom,  
And light her passage to the tomb?  
If thy conscience answer No,  
Dread the measure of thy woe.  
If thy conscience answer YES,  
Vast thy future happiness!



When life's tempest fiercely ran  
Didst thou dare to be a MAN,  
Scorning falsehood—loving truth—  
Shielding age and helping youth?  
Waging fearless war with all  
Who hold the human mind in thrall?  
Wast thou ready, aye, to speak,  
And act boldly for the weak?  
Ever ready thou to fight  
Gainst the oppressor—for the right?  
If thy conscience answer No,  
Hell is ever thine and woe.  
If thy conscience answer YES,  
Heaven is thine and happiness!

## The Story of a Year.

"MOTHER and child are doing well!" How  
droll that sounds!

Well, well! We can afford to laugh a little this  
morning, and in honor of the stranger upstairs dip  
our pen in the most hilarious ink.

What a blessing it is to be ill-looking! How  
entirely one is removed! But now I think of it,  
this fact has no connection with the unreeling of  
my thread. How very strange it is that happiness  
and silence never go together—with a woman.  
Oh, there's not the slightest use in assuring me  
that there is such a thing as the heart being too  
full of happiness to allow of speech. I don't be-  
lieve a word of it, and persist in my theory that joy  
must find its way off the tip of the tongue. "From  
the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh."

The 15th of June! And it was on this day,  
exactly twelve months ago, that we were so un-  
happy, Edith and I.

Is it not rather pleasant to look back upon our  
sorrows when they have all been surmounted, and we  
can view them from the calm distance? Certainly.  
Your servant, Messrs. Public: since I am to be re-  
spondent as well as questioned.

And who is Edith? Ah, well, I am glad that  
you have at least the politeness to fawn an interest,



THE LATE HERMAN A. WOLLENHAUPT, THE COMPOSER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

even though you have it not. I will answer your  
question:

Edith is my sister. I hardly feel inclined to give  
any further information at this moment; but if you  
will listen attentively, and show sufficient concern  
in what I am about to say, you shall learn some-  
thing more about my sister Edith.

One of my first recollections was of my mother's  
proud admiration of my little sister Edith, when  
she lay a babe on her knees, and I—Ah!—it  
may as well come out—and I was a great, tall, gawky  
girl of fifteen. It was not till the little one came  
among us that I awoke to this fact about myself,  
and not then by being told of it. I did not lack  
common sense, and therefore, when my mother's  
relatives and friends praised the beauty of my baby  
sister, I began to realize what beauty was, and to  
find out that I was no possessor of that style of  
property. How this discovery acted upon me at  
that special time I am not able to distinctly recollect,  
but am inclined to believe that I found compensa-  
tion in the charms of little Edith, and appropriated  
them as a joint-stock affair between my mother  
and myself. That no shadow of envy or jealousy  
crossed my mind I am entirely sure; and that I  
loved Edith purely and instinctively, from the first

time I gazed on the little, red, mottled thing of a  
few hours old, that lay by my mother's side, is an  
assertion that seems almost absurd from its very  
truth.

My mother was taken away from us when Edith  
was three years old, and the very last sign of intelli-  
gence she gave, even after speech had left her, was  
to press my hand feebly against the bosom of the  
little one that lay beside her, and look—oh, so  
beseechingly!—in my face. I bent down to my  
mother's ear and whispered only a few words,  
sobbingly, while the tears rained down upon her  
hand, but I knew by her eyes that she understood  
me, and in a few minutes her spirit had passed  
into the silent land. The promise I had made my  
mother has been well kept. Let me go on to speak  
of Edith.

At last I began to regard her as a chattel espe-  
cially my own. Handsome children, they say, do  
not improve in beauty as they grow, and *vice-versa*.  
I believe this to be an old woman's theory, or in-  
vented by somebody who was immensely ugly, and  
wanted to put in some plea for the past, on the  
same principle that beggars always declare they  
have seen better days.

Be that as it may, the rule did not hold with



Rescued from a Watery Grave.

Edith. Every day she grew handsomer, and when  
she was fifteen it made my heart swell with pride  
to see what a fine, tall, hazel-eyed girl she was; so  
wise, and yet so innocent; so womanly, and yet so  
childlike.

It must not be thought that all this was upon my  
own warrant. Edith had other admirers, and  
many a time we—meaning myself and such staid  
and steady maids and matrons as sought my  
society—would have a quiet laugh over the rivalries  
to secure the favor of my little child-sister. Edith  
took it all as a matter of course, and distributed  
her attentions with a most equal judgment, making  
only one exception from the general rule, which  
was in favor of Wilfred Davidson, the son of our  
next neighbor.

Wilfred, from the very earliest time, had adopted  
our Edith in a sisterly way. He was just ten years  
old when Edith was born, and among the quaintest  
of my recollections during her babyhood is that of  
Wilfred making his dally visits to the baby. It  
was the first baby, he informed us, with whom he  
had reached terms of intimacy; and I remember  
the slight-made, girlish boy making his daily pil-  
grimage of half a mile over to the Hollow, our  
place, and standing a full hour, in solemn silence,  
gazing on the child as it lay asleep in the cradle,  
and then taking his departure with so much ap-  
parent satisfaction at the scrutiny.

As Edith grew older there was no one that so could  
please her as Wilfred, and the nurse always felt  
that she could retire into private life and trouble  
herself no more when he came.

With the baby in a little wagon he had constructed  
especially for her use, Wilfred would travel away  
for hours, coming back wearied and footsore, sun-  
burned and bramble-scratched, but returning Edith  
safe and sound, and in her wagon a thousand  
pounds or less of flowers, fruits, nuts and the general  
spoils of fields and forests.

As the years went on heaping their life and beauty  
on both, notwithstanding the disparity of their  
ages, Wilfred, now grown to be Mr. Davidson, and  
Edith were constant companions. Wilfred pos-  
sessed a natural genius, which found development  
in the manufacture of dolls' picture-books, inci-  
pient babyhouses, and such other trifles as the  
hearts of young ladies under ten may be supposed  
to covet.

There was something very philosophic in their  
attachment, a self-satisfied manner on both sides,  
that did not admit of the shadow of jealousy. If  
there is any confession to be made regarding the  
jurisdiction of that green-eyed monster of aversion,  
I very much fear that I shall have to own that my-  
self was more the victim of his wiles, for certainly  
never were affections more shared than the love of  
Edith between Wilfred Davidson and your humble



"Too Late!"

servant. Instead of jealousy on his part, I am  
strongly inclined to the belief that Wilfred rather  
encouraged her in some youthful flirtations, and  
perhaps even went so far as to be the bearer of  
sundry outpourings of affection from various speci-  
mens of budding manhood in the shape of bouquets,  
big apples, pet terrapins, and other knick-knacks,  
whereby youths of fifteen are wont to express their  
affections.

When Edith was fifteen a great change came over  
all, by the death of Mr. Paul Davidson, Wilfred's  
father. The Davidsons for many years had owned  
large properties through our county, and Mr. Paul  
Davidson, the representative of the family, was  
always looked upon as a leading man in everything  
where intelligence and wealth is brought to bear.

Wilfred was the only child, and, as a matter of  
course, had been educated to the belief in his  
father's great wealth and to his own inheritance.  
It can readily be imagined, therefore, what a double  
shock it was to us when, following close upon Mr.  
Davidson's death, came the announcement that he  
had been hopelessly insolvent for years, and that  
the estate was embarrassed beyond all relief. I  
think the one who seemed to care less for it on his  
own account than any other was Mr. Wilfred  
Davidson.

My father was named as joint executor with  
Wilfred in the will, and I have heard him say many  
times that he doubted most sincerely whether Mr.  
Paul Davidson, at the time of his death, had the  
slightest idea of in what state his affairs then  
stood.

He was a kind-hearted though weak man, but I  
feel sure had he known what bitter poverty he was  
leaving to his son, he would have made steps to-  
ward giving him some such practical education as  
would have enabled him to have gone forth in the  
world and won a position for himself. Without  
this education Wilfred could only mix in with the  
crowd who were struggling, and push on by the  
force of what superiority he may have naturally



possessed. Edith and I held councils on this all-important subject, the result of which always was that Wilfred had nothing to do but choose his walk and succeed.

With our little knowledge of the world and the struggle going on in the battle of life, we could only count upon the strength of our champion, without realising the opposing forces. My father offered his services and aid in any way in which Wilfred chose to accept them, but the noble fellow argued that he would not risk what did not belong to him in any business of which he must, under any circumstances, be ignorant. No! there was but one course, which was to embark in the practice of some profession that would be nearest the pursuits most familiar to him, and strive to perfect himself in it.

Under this decision it was settled that Wilfred was to leave for New York, and there follow out his studies as an engineer.

A speedily coming time was named for his departure, and from this moment a new light broke upon me in relation to Edith and Wilfred.

It was strange that in all those years before I had never looked upon them in the light of lovers. It was not, as would be argued, that he was so much older than Edith; the difference in age, when I had considered, it seemed well; but there was the memory of the time when he stood over the cradle of baby Edith, and of the lesser time when he dragged her over the country in his wagon, and made toys for her.

It took time to drive this away, and see Wilfred Davidson as I wished then to see him, the lover and affianced husband of my darling sister Edith.

It was all settled, she told, the night before the day of Wilfred's departure, while her head nestled in my bosom, and the quick scarlet shot over her half-hidden face.

All settled; Wilfred was to study hard to make up for lost time, and then, no more cares, no more parting, no more fears for the future. It was all very commonplace, but ah! how very interesting do all these commonplace things become when they relate to ourselves.

And so Wilfred went away, and for a month Edith wandered solemnly about, thinking, I am sure of little else but the absent one, and talking I am doubly sure of nothing else.

Every week there came letters, long ones, full of hope, and sanguine for the future.

Finally, there came one announcing the fact that its writer had received an offer by which in a short time he would be enabled to establish a position in the world, and look forward to rejoining Edith, never again to be parted.

He was to return immediately home for the purpose of explaining and asking my father's advice.

All this Edith read me, her eyes flashing with real delight, and only restraining herself by pride from some absolute demonstration to show her joy at the coming visit, and the hopeful errand.

And so the days sped over until there came one that brought Wilfred once more among us. Only a year had passed since he went away, but the change was so pleasant to look upon.

The city had added so much to his style and manner.

I hardly know whether it was from sympathy with Edith or not, but I am afraid that I was terribly disposed to love him myself. I felt that nothing more was necessary to make Mr. Wilfred my very beau ideal than the year he had gone through in the city.

It was the last polish to the gem, and that evening as we all sat about the fire and talked over the events of the past year, I looked upon the two; my sweet sister Edith, and my brother that was to be, and honestly voted them the handsomest pair I had ever seen.

This was a night of sunshine, the next day was to be a day of tears.

Mr. Wilfred Davidson was to go to Egypt. I do not wish to be too abrupt in bringing out this announcement, but it was brought to me quite as abruptly by Edith the next morning, who burst into my room before I had risen, choking out the words and falling in my arms in a flood of crying. Yes, she had just heard from our father; poor Wilfred hadn't the courage to tell her himself, who called Edith as she passed his study door, on the way to her morning tryst.

He had received an offer of an appointment on the new railroad, then building from Alexandria to Suez, and was to leave in one week.

He was not to go unless my father advised it. It was the best thing, he said, for Wilfred; a better chance by far than he could possibly have by staying in New York.

It was only a matter of three years time, and then—he could be independent of ordinary chances, and would return and marry Edith. Only three years! What an eternity it seemed to those two. Edith despairing, almost hopeless, looking at the parting only as a parting for ever, and refusing to listen to any argument that said anything encouraging of his return.

Wilfred, on the contrary, full of life and hope, looking over the anticipated period of his absence, into the far future, and refusing to see the void between in any other light than the bridge that would conduct him to success and to Edith. Noble fellow, real and earnest, even while the blood bubbled up in his heart, at the thought of the gulf over which he must pass.

What a dreary week it was! as little as we all—I am putting Edith entirely out of the question—wanted to part with Wilfred Davidson, we all equally wished for the coming of that day which should make the last at the Hollow, and the first on the vague journey whose successful ending would bring new life to our Edith.

I must make a long sweep and throw years into the great abyss of time.

Five years have brought weary watching and waiting, five years whose bitter draughts have been

quaffed without a murmur, and whose fruits have been as ashes.

For a year the letters of Wilfred Davidson came laden with hopes most sanguine. He had succeeded in filling the duties of his new station with more success than he had reason to hope for. He had made friends and was fast establishing a reputation that would tend to rapid advancement, and still with each shout of triumph at his worldly success came renewals of the old love tales, and bright pictures of that future when he would once more be in our midst.

For days after the reception of one of Wilfred's letters I could see the light and color in Edith's face tell as plainly as it might be supposed to tell were a prisoner suddenly transported from his dark and unwholesome cell into the country, and left to range at will.

For a long time, a year, these letters came breathing hope delicious, and then upon one dark day came another written in a strange hand, detailing the deathly sickness of our Wilfred, as sickness that had stricken him suddenly, and had left him prostrated with a long, wasting brain disease, in which his past was only a blank, and his future as nothing.

And this had been so long that we had been nervously wondering why the silence existed, until the letter of the stranger came instead. So long, said the stranger's letter, that Wilfred's new made friends feared to let it go longer, lest we should believe him dead. He would recover, they said, but a long time must elapse before he could resume his profession, or even attempt to reach home.

Thank God, we all said, that his life had been spared, and truly we felt his great mercy when we looked upon the white lips and blanched cheeks of Edith.

And so months went on, only marked by the letters in a strange hand relating to Wilfred's gradual return to physical and mental health; until at last there came one from Wilfred himself, a few lines only to Edith—in an altered hand, and vague wording, with mingled accounts of his illness, and protestations of his love, ending with the announcement, that by the advice of his physician he was about to take a sea voyage, and to that end would sail in a few days on board an English vessel from Alexandria to Calcutta. There were no more bright promises for the future, and no more tales of the success expected. Nothing but darkness sat upon every line; darkness of the writer's mind, and darkness for his hope!

Why did he not, if a sea voyage was all, return home?

After this years, dragging their slow length along. Years, counted day by day, week by week, wearily. Years that sickened the hope and made hearts grow thin and old.

It was a long and terrible trace to seek by many pleading letters the history of Wilfred Davidson, from the date of his communication with us; but at last it was all known so far as to satisfy us that we should never hear more of him who had so grown into our hearts that we held him as more than brother.

The barque Ariadne had sailed from Alexandria to Calcutta, with Wilfred Davidson as a passenger. From the day of her sailing the Ariadne had never been heard of, but a portion of her hull and some articles of ship furniture, known to belong to her, had been picked up in the Indian Ocean, and the surmise was that she had gone down in one of the terrible gales of those seas, and left none living to tell the story of her wreck.

For a long time Edith hovered between life and death.

For a long time so hopeless came every word, and so flickering the light, that I could not but hold argument with myself, and bow to the decision of our Great Master, who so plainly announced his intent to take away my sister. What could be her future but to walk through space without an object at the journey's end.

The Edith that rose from that deathly stupor was not the Edith of our past.

Patient, mechanical and uncomplaining, she moved about over the old spots or performed the old duties. The roses came back into her cheeks, the light into her eyes, and sometimes the smile upon her lips, but they were smiles far less pleasant to see than frowns; smiles that stood only as an index for all the dead laughter that should have lived in their place.

It is two years ago from this writing, and four years since the departure of Wilfred, that there came to our house one who plays an important part in our life story.

Mr. Walter Graves arrived at the Hollow to be the guest of my father for a few weeks.

We had never seen him before, but his brother had been my father's schoolmate, and Mr. Walter came down not only in the guise of a guest, but with the intention of seeking my father's friendly assistance in the purchase of some property in the neighborhood upon which he proposed to reside, and to resign the professorship which he then held in one of the most prominent institutions of learning. The professor—as we called him—was rich by the inheritance of his brother's property, and came with every prejudice in his favor by my father's long memory of his brother, and of the love which he knew existed always between those two.

We had pictured to ourselves a thin, pale and pedantic man, with bent figure, and hair tinged with gray; in fact, such a man as would be supposed the student, through a score of years, coupled with a bachelor's existence.

There is certainly nothing odd, if, in our quiet life at the Hollow, the coming of a stranger who was for some weeks to be an inmate of our house should awaken interest even in Edith. There was no certainty as to the time of Professor Graves' coming, but every day we expected him, and every

carriage that rolled along the road that passed the Hollow was looked at anxiously as being supposed to hold the coming man.

It was during the time of this expectancy that a rather odd and nearly dangerous accident occurred to us. It was our custom, Edith and I, to wander for miles along the banks of the river—the Hudson—which ran within a quarter of a mile of our house. One day we were indulging in our usual ramble; the wind was very high, blowing almost a gale from the westward, a bright sunshine tempering its effects upon the land, though not detracting from them on the water.

There was a little bay where a skiff lay fastened by the bow to a stake, with a line from the stern connecting with the shore. As we were passing this spot a gust took the veil from off Edith's bonnet, gave it a twirl or two in the air and dropped it lightly on the surface of the water just out of reach, which distance momentarily increased by the wind blowing it farther away. The skiff lay directly before it, and nothing more natural than that Edith should attempt to recover her lost drapery by its aid.

The stern line was short, and the weight of the spring as she alighted in the skiff from the bank snapped the worn-out cord, and the boat swung round with the wind.

At first I was inclined to laugh at the occurrence, but in an instant my mirth was checked to see the boat drag the stake until it bent, and then when a gust more than common caught the frail vessel the pole came away from its muddy embedment, and quicker than I have taken to relate it the skiff was hurrying out from the shore before the wind. I hardly think I should have so given way to terror had I not seen the white rigid look of Edith as the stake pulled out, and she saw at a glance that there was nothing in her fragile conveyance that could be pressed into service as an oar. Then I screamed heartily, though I felt that neither boat nor man could be expected within helping reach.

Whether it was my screams or the appearance of Edith standing straight and ghost-like in the fast receding boat, I have never thought to ask, but one of them brought a tall, dark and rather *distingue* man rapidly around the point of rocks within a few yards of where I stood. He asked no questions, but cast a rapid glance up the bank and along the shore, and then seemingly not finding anything at hand to aid him, threw off his hat, coat and boots, plunged into the water. It only needed a few moments, even in my then state of terror, to see that he was a bold and accomplished swimmer, and would soon succeed in overtaking the skiff.

Sometimes I would stand holding my breath in fear as I saw his head disappear under the waves, and then as he rose I marked how much nearer he was to the rescue of Edith. A few more bold strokes and I saw the hand of the stranger upon the gunwale of the boat. I saw Edith, as I supposed under his command, seat herself in the bottom of the skiff, and then without the loss of a moment's time I saw the swimmer turn his face to the shore, towing in the runaway by the stake line. In a moment I knew all was safe, and my terror left me.

I knew that the swimmer could not return to the spot where he had plunged in, but must, as a necessity of the gale, reach the shore nearly a mile below. I gathered up his clothes, aye, even his boots, and carried them, as reverently and carefully as though they were the robes of a bride, along the shore to the spot where I knew he must reach. I was not mistaken; in a few minutes he came dragging the skiff up the beach to where I stood, almost ready to drop on my knees to the preserver of my sister.

As gracefully as though he had but that moment stepped full dressed from the skill of his valet, he handed Edith from her unwillingly chosen bark and led her to me. Our eyes met as we came within a few feet of each other, and mine I am sure— which were filled with tears—thanked him as heartily as though my tongue had spoken volumes.

This was our introduction to Mr. Walter Graves, who had but a few minutes before been landed from a steamboat at the lower wharf, and had chosen to walk to the Hollow, while his baggage went in the carriage by the road.

How droll it was that we should have pictured him as the pedant, or as thin and gray! The professor was about thirty-five; his dark brown hair hung wavy and glossy, and his back as free from scholastic bend as was the newest freshman in the college from which he came.

What an excellent laughing introduction he made of Edith's voyage, and I feel sure that the first really true smile I had seen break on the face of Edith for years came that afternoon when Professor Graves at dinner gave my father his account of her sail.

How learned he was, and yet how boylike. He could provoke prudery itself to a game of romps, and then take up a leaf or blade of grass, broken or crushed in the play, and tell its history with such wonderful address that it all seemed like some romance he was weaving out of his own brains, instead of the plain, straightforward truth. He came like a new light into the house, teaching us all new things and awaking—especially in Edith—new thoughts, and almost a new life. I was grateful to him, very, not from any self-pleasure, but for the growing vitality of Edith.

The property was bought and everything in connection with it arranged, and still the professor went not away. Months rolled by, the fall came, and still he lingered into the first snow, when we were once more alone. Then we could understand how this new comer, this stranger had made himself a necessity to us; how he had made the house seem lonely without him. But once more in the spring he came; the place he had bought was the old Davidson property, and he was come to take possession.

We were all—I speak by authority—very glad to see him again, and the cheeks of Edith really

flushed with something like the old roses under his salute.

Sometime since I commenced a part of my relation by saying, that five years had passed since Wilfred went away, and that in one more Edith was sobbing on my breast and the name of Wilfred Davidson on her lips. Let me explain more fully. My darling had just come from our father.

In a few words, a very few, the professor had asked Edith from us, and my father had consented as far as he was concerned, and had that evening spoken his best in favor of Mr. Walter Graves, and this was the reason why Edith had sobbed herself to sleep after telling it all, with the name of Wilfred Davidson on her lips.

She had accepted him, and they were to be married in June. I never knew what had passed in the interview between Edith and my father on that evening when he told her of the professor's asking, but whatever it was, there was weight thrown into the scale in forming my darling's resolutions. I speak of this not because I have the slightest belief that the marriage was in any degree repulsive to Edith, but that I have ever thought, notwithstanding my sister's respect and admiration for Mr. Walter Graves, that she would not have married but for my father's sake.

It was a busy time, the preparations for the wedding; for though it was to be in accordance with Edith's wishes without great publicity, yet to gratify my father, everything was conducted with style and liberality. Let me hurry on, lest I get a character for prolixity.

On the 15th of June my little Edith was to become Mrs. Walter Graves. The morning for its beauty might have been classed as one of the fabulous days of which we read, but of which we have so little reality. There was a quiet joy about all the household, a recognition, as it were, of the new life being inaugurated for Edith. Everything gave way to the great leading thought, even my father saying as I brought in the morning letters:

"No matter, darling, not even the shadow of an outside world shall come across us to-day. Put away the letters, to-morrow will do."

I followed his example; there was one for myself, and two for Edith, all of which were laid aside.

We were not at home on that day, I thought, as I took them from the bag and looked inquiringly at the superscriptions. My own, I guessed from whence it came; but the two for Edith were entirely strange, and one of them was postmarked at London. I shall not be arrogating to myself any special qualification over the rest of my sex, if I admit that the letter with the London postmark troubled me very much through the morning; and even at the very moment that it may be supposed a woman's entire personality may be lost, and all her sympathy absorbed, although she may not be the prominent actor in the scene, I was thinking who Edith had for a correspondent on the other side of the water, without confiding the fact to myself.

The ceremony was over, and we were home again from the church.

Edith and I, in the quiet of our own joint little sitting-room, disrobing from the satin, orange blossoms and lace, while the preparations were being made for taking my darling away to her own home. It was then that the thought of the letters flashed through my mind, and the question came instantly with it:

"Edith, what correspondent have you in London?"

"None."

I spoke of the letters awaiting her perusal in my father's study, but in a glance I knew that Edith did not share my self-denial in putting off the reading until to-morrow.

The bell was rung and the servant ordered to bring the missive.

Was it instinct that induced me to watch Edith so closely? As she took the letter there was no immediate movement toward breaking the envelope; she held it in both hands without reading the direction, and I saw the blood go out of her lips, and that dulness gather over the eye that comes oftentimes with death. I was paralyzed, but before I could draw near her Edith had torn open the envelope, as though by a convulsive movement.

Only a moment and I was by my darling's side, and held her lifeless in my arms.

They told me afterwards that my cries for help were the most unearthly shrieks. I have no doubt of it, though I was only conscious of a choking attempt to call for assistance.

All that day and night Edith lay rigid and lifeless. I had taken the letter from the floor, but I did not now require to look at it that I might know the writer. How strange that I did not recognise the handwriting at a glance!

Wilfred Davidson in London, telling in a few words the story of his long silence. The loss of the vessel in the Indian ocean, the picking up of himself and one more from the wreck, by a native felucca, and the bare escape from death, but not from imprisonment by the Sikhs into whose hands they fell. The removal from place to place, as the insurgents fell back before the advancing British forces, the escape, the hasty overland journey, and the forced detention in London for a few days. In the next steamer, which was even then due, Wilfred Davidson would be once more with us to claim Edith. Good news! but oh! how terribly told. I read every line of the letter, and then knelt by the bedside and kissed the cold cheek of my unconscious sister, while I heaped upbraids on myself for not listening to that voice of instinct that had bidden me give the letter to Edith in the morning. Let me pass rapidly over a month, to one day marked on my memory for ever.

It was the seventh day after the marriage when her whose departure had been watched with sorrow and dread, but whose coming was now looked to with the same feeling redoubled, came home. Home I call it, for so the Hollow had always been to him, but now no longer his home.



Edith had not yet left her room, and was only coming back to life by the most tottering steps. I had heard the roll of wheels, and though I felt who was coming, and knew what course my father had laid out to pursue, and had promised him that I would make no attempt to see Wilfred until all was told, yet I sprang to the window. I saw him jump from the carriage, and my father go out to meet him, to embrace and kiss him like a son, while the great tears stood in both their eyes. They came into the house, and with my room door open, I heard them go into my father's study. Oh! how I strained my ears for the sound of the voice of the returned. It was but a few minutes and I heard it, never to be forgotten.

There was a quick step in the study, a noise as if two persons were struggling at the door, which flew open with a crash, and Wilfred Davidson's voice rang out with one shriek of "Edith!"

There is no power in the pen that will tell of that shriek that it may be understood. It seemed to me at the instant that it must be heard in every part of the world, and she who was called must obey the summons, living or dead. I was frozen, and the minutes seemed like hours, and yet the echo of the cry was scarcely hushed when I heard a heavy fall, and I knew by the sound of hurrying feet that it was Wilfred Davidson, and that they were bearing him back to my father's study.

I staggered towards Edith's room; there was a hand on the inside knob, as my own touched the outside, and as I threw open the door I caught my sister in my arms. It was an effort of more than human strength to carry the struggling girl back to her bed, where I clasped her, calling her name, and entreating her endearingly to yield to my guidance and remain where she was.

An hour after I saw the same carriage that had brought Wilfred Davidson roll up again; I saw him come out, my father holding his hand. I saw his pale face as he stepped in, and the next moment he was gone.

The following day my father told me he had returned to New York, but that in a few weeks, whenever he might be so calm as to bear the interview and Edith could see him, he would return.

Three weeks after he was with us once more. It was of this time I would speak—a month after the marriage.

Edith was well, so she declared, going through her daily routine of life with a certain mechanical quietness that satisfied the outside world. She had not gone to take possession of the Cedars, her new home; my father would not hear of her going yet. We were expecting the return of Wilfred Davidson every day, and this time I did not fear his coming. I have no language to speak of the professor. There was nothing of all the past but he knew, and there was nothing of all his acts in the present that could have been altered into more than brotherly deference to his wife. Once more my heart began to struggle up from the slough, when one day I had just returned from a ride and was making my way without changing my habit into the library.

This apartment adjoined the parlor, but could be reached without passing to them.

I had my hand upon a book, taking it from the shelf, when I heard a voice that sent a thrill through me.

"And is this a marriage, Edith? Can you believe that this man, who came a stranger and took you from one who has at least been with you in spirit since you were a child, who has watched you, toiled for you, dreamed of you, suffered everything but death for you, deserves you?"

There was stillness like the grave for a moment. How I feared to breathe lest I should lose her answer, but there was none.

"And now after years when I return to claim you, must my claim of a lifetime be thrust aside because you are what the world calls married? and I must, for the gratification of a stranger, be consigned to worse than death. Must this be, Edith?"

"Yes."

Ah, how that clear, beautiful word shot through my heart and brain like music. Good Edith! True sister!

"Listen to me, Edith; you who know me so well can only know the agony which must bring forth my words. Will you refuse to give up the world for me? Will you refuse to leave this home and come with me to another land, where we can make a new home? Have you ever loved me? Do you love me now? Will you refuse me yourself?"

There was no pause this time, and the voice of Edith was as clear and calm as in the olden time.

"I have listened to you, Wilfred Davidson. I have listened to you because I do know you and because I can understand the agony that must make you so depart from him I knew of old. I have listened, when, as a wife I should have spurned and fled from you; and that in all the long future we may be able to look in each other's eyes as I now look in yours, and say as I now say to you, I love you more than brother, but I love my God better."

The next moment I was with an arm around the neck of each, embracing and sobbing over the sister Edith and my brother Wilfred.

How well Edith and I understood it, when on that evening the return of the professor from New York, where he had been a couple of days, Wilfred Davidson pressed his hand on their first meeting, and said with so quiet and truthful a way that he thought they would be friends; and so they have been, Wilfred has bought back the Cedars, and the professor has taken up a permanent residence at the Hollow.

It was something of a mystery for a while how Wilfred Davidson came back after shipwreck, imprisonment, and everything but death, with wealth, but it is a mystery no longer.

He explained it all a few evenings ago, by assuring us that he had re-discovered Simbad's valley of diamonds, and brought away a few barrelsfull

I have no doubt of it, for Edith has fallen into possession, by gift from him, of a few dozen, which, though not as large as the Koh-i-noor, are quite large enough to make a rather enviable *trousseau* for the daughter of a country gentleman.

And now I am writing this scene on the 15th of June, just one year from the date of Edith's marriage. Upstairs is a young gentleman who has joined our family circle to-day—Wilfred Davidson Graves. I have no doubt that on farther acquaintance I shall like him as well as I now do his father and godfather, and as to Edith, any one having doubts need only see the look of heaven that breaks over her face when she gazes upon her babe, and they will not have any fears for her future.

#### ON A PIECE OF MARBLE FROM DIOCLETIAN'S BATHS.

THIS came from Rome? Oh, mighty world,  
To give a pebble such renown!  
That more, thereby, my muse it stirred  
Than if 'twere Runjeet's ruby crown,

To think my coz—that wandering child—  
Should really think of me in Rome!  
Bacco! it sets my fancy wild.  
Perchance hard by Agrippa's dome,

Or on the Quirinal she bought  
This marble to please mine age,  
No matter—I was in her thought,  
Here, dwelling in my hermitage.

In the Pantheon I am known!  
Yea, in Salut Peter's not forgot!  
Cousin, thou only send'st a stone,  
But if from Rome, I care not what.

Love counts no trivial token small,  
Though but a scrap from some old bath;  
To be remembered—that is all  
Ev'n Rome or Diocletian hath.

#### How I Saw an Explosion.

I HAVE often laughed and wondered to myself when I have read the exact and circumstantial accounts given by reporters and "our own correspondents" of some events, sudden and unexpected, that have transpired under their observation.

My own experience and hearsay evidence teaches me that men are really incapable of giving any very straightforward account of an occurrence with sudden loss of life, or attended with any circumstances of unusual excitement. Soldiers have always agreed that it was impossible for them to see a battle, they could only be cognizant of their own little locality, and their belief that all correspondents of newspapers are obliged to make up their accounts more from hearsay and imagination than from what they actually see.

Especially is this the case with an explosion of the boiler of a steamboat. In the newspaper accounts of such a catastrophe we are regaled with "Mr. John Smith's account" and "Mr. William Jones's statement," both dressed into something like an agreement of style, and both bearing upon their face evidence of the fact that these gentlemen, in the excitement of the moment, saw little or nothing. This is the way in which I saw the boiler of a steamboat burst:

I will call the boat the John Smith, and say that she lay at the wharf of Smithville, just ready to push into the stream, bound up the Mississippi. Her forward deck passengers were all Germans; that I noticed as I came down the wharf with my portmanteau in hand to go aboard. There were gangway planks-out forward and aft, and just as I had placed my foot on the after gangplank a gentleman, escorting two ladies, came down. The boat was blowing off steam violently, the bell was ringing, and the people were running in all directions, it being within five minutes of the time of departure. I stepped aside, still keeping my left foot on the plank, to allow the ladies to precede me on board, when at that moment I was conscious of a dull, booming noise, an inability to breathe, and a concussion that threw me off my feet and rolled me several yards up the dock.

I did not lose consciousness, and instantly sprang to my feet, though I had a sensation as if I had received a heavy blow. As I rose from the dock my eyes went directly to a row of buildings fronting the water, four story brick, with iron shutters, and I distinctly saw the body of a man falling, apparently from one of the windows. A wild, sickish feeling came over me at the instant, and I started to run, not with any intent or purpose, but much as a drunken man would run. I had scarce gone a dozen yards when I perceived I had but one shoe, and I stopped. On a moment's consideration I thought that something else must be wrong, and after an obtuse inquiry in my mind, I found that I wanted both a hat and a portmanteau, though I could not reason as to what had become of them. At this moment somebody came up to me and spoke, what I could not hear or understand, though they undoubtedly spoke loud. They then took me by the arm and led me up the dock, I going much like a led child. We reached a hotel about a hundred yards distant, and I was surrounded by several persons all talking, but not intelligibly to me. At last I heard somebody say, "Give him something to drink!" That I understood at a jump, and when a pretty stout glass of brandy was in me I found my tongue, though much as one speaks who is struck with paralysis. In a few minutes more I was enabled to make myself understood, and to dispatch a messenger to find my shoe, hat and portmanteau, a search that was made without success, they having either become the spoil of some ever watchful thief or been blown from me and engulfed in the waters of the mighty Mississippi.

I was now sufficiently recovered to hear what had occurred, and with a pair of borrowed shoes and a hat to go down and witness the effects. The John Smith had burst out the front of her boiler, blowing away all her deck passengers, killing twenty-two outright and scalding many more.

When I reached the wharf they were bearing several of those still living away on litters, and about fifteen of the dead were lying in a row upon the dock flooring. The moment my eyes caught the ghastly sight I burst into a loud laugh. I would have given worlds at that moment to have possessed the power of controlling myself, but I could not; the strange, hysterical sound coming louder the more I tried to repress it, until at last I fainted, and was carried back to the hotel from whence I came, and did not leave my bed until the next day.

That was the way in which I saw the explosion, and when I was examined next day upon the inquest, though I had to admit that I had not been unconscious for a moment, yet that was all I knew.

The man I saw falling down the front of the building was one of the engineers, who was blown over sixty yards to the third story, where he struck upon one of the iron shutters and hung for a minute, in his dying struggle disengaging himself and falling to the ground. The gentleman and ladies who stood beside me on the gangway plank were entirely unhurt.

#### THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

THE temple of music and fashion has opened in a dashing and brilliant manner; the full tide of public favor is with it, and its success is an unconditional and accomplished fact. How great a rush there was to secure private boxes and seats may be imagined, when we announce that there was nothing but single seats left on Friday, and but very few of these. Everything combined to produce a brilliant opening season. In the first place, everybody believed in the tact, ability and enterprise of the manager—Max Maretzek; in the next place, the artists are splendid, and Medori, Mazzolini and Bellini are universally admired favorites; and in the third place, wealth seems to have poured down upon our people, and the struggle is to spend it in the most fashionable and elegant manner. For these reasons the opera is and will be patronized more liberally this year than at any previous time, and if Maretzek does not reap a fortune out of his enterprise now he will have lost the golden opportunity. "Robert Devereux," by Donizetti, the opening opera, was finely performed, Medori surpassing all her previous triumphs. We are unable to analyze the performance this week, in consequence of our early hour of going to press; we can merely say that it delighted all, and created a genuine enthusiasm.

The well-known ballad-singer, Mr. Dempster, gives two of his popular concerts at Irving Hall this week. He sings alone. His programme contains many old favorite pieces, among them the May Queen and several new pieces.

We regret to announce the death of L. M. Gottschalk, brother to Mr. Edward Gottschalk. He died in this city on Friday evening, the 28th ult., after a painful and lingering illness. He was a young man of fine abilities, and was much beloved for his endearing qualities by all who knew him. He was attended right and day with the most assiduous and tender care by his brother Moreau, who suffered no one to nurse him but himself, and received all the consolation that affection could bestow. A solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul was performed at St. Stephen's church in 25th street, by prominent Italian artists and full chorus. It was an imposing and affecting ceremony. All the musical celebrities of the city were present.

Wallack's Theatre opened last week in a new dress and with a new piece—the first was a brilliant success, for the auditorium looked very rich and beautiful; but the second was very doubtful indeed, especially on the first night, when by some extraordinary miscalculation the piece lasted nearly five hours. An excess of half an hour may be accounted for, but to present a play two hours too long is a blunder of the most egregious kind. The play, which is called "Rose-dale; or, the Rifle Ball," is a curious compound of individual incidents, very loosely worked together, but in themselves highly dramatic and telling. The language, where it is not verbose or of the tedious narrative style, is neat and pointed, but there are many slangisms which ought to be expunged forthwith. Still, notwithstanding the glaring faults in construction and the interminable length of the piece, the situation struck us forcibly, and we felt that with a liberal pruning, and a wholesale cutting down, in fact, a very interesting and successful drama would be the result. This has been accomplished, and we understand, since the first night, the playing time has been reduced to the usual number of hours; the plot is more close and sequential, and the interest is deepened by the more rapid succession of the incidents and situations. It is now confirmed as a success, and is performed to crowded houses every night. The acting was admirable throughout; the whole company seemed to put forth their best endeavors and strive to insure the success of the piece. The house was crowded in every part to overflowing, and as Mrs. Hody, Miss Gannon, Mrs. Vernon, Lester Wallack, Gilbert, George Holland, John Sefter and other recognized favorites successively made their appearance, the audience greeted them with hearty and encouraging applause. The scenery and appointments were beautiful and gorgeous in the extreme, and excited much admiration. We have rarely seen a piece more admirably mounted.

We have had the Spartacus of Edwin Forrest during the past week at Niblo's Garden, to the same enormous houses which he must draw, while the public continues a sufficiently sane judge to appreciate his wonderful power and freshness. In Spartacus, however, his progressive improvement is by no means so marked as in his Shakespearean characters, and consequently it presents less tangible opportunity for comparative criticism. On Thursday next he appears as Macbeth; a character in which he has now no equal upon the modern stage.

The first appearance of Mdile. Vestrali in a new piece, and speaking, to her, in a new language, attracted a very crowded and critical audience to Niblo's Garden. It was an interesting occasion, and the experiment was a daring one; for although upon the Italian stage she frequently exhibited dramatic powers of high excellence, still the problem as to whether the use of a strange language would or would not embarrass her remained unsolved. Her appearance on the stage was, of course, magnificent, for she is a superb woman, and her reception was of the most cordial character. The sympathies of the audience were evidently with her, and encouraged every effort: every point that she made, Vestrali has achieved an extraordinary command of the English language, considering the brief time as she has devoted to study; the foreign accent in her is so means obliterated, but it is so far from being that every one, save in perfunctory passages, it will pass almost unnoticed. Her conception of the character of the Jewish Mother was in many parts grand and impressive, and her fierce thirsting for the recovery and the

love of her child was full of force and intensity. She fell into the common error of exaggeration, which was natural, for the reason that, being accustomed to rely much upon the passionate element of musical expression (as in opera) and missing it, she sought to supply its place, and could not, from inexperience, measure the force and weight of spoken emotion. This a brief experience will modify and correct. We would instance the whole fortune-telling scene as an exaggeration, amounting almost to the grotesquely absurd, at once ungraceful and unimpressive.

There is so much of true metal in Mdile. Vestrali, so much of the fire of natural genius, that we feel a deep interest in her success; and, in that spirit, point out to her, at the commencement of her new career, some of the faults which, if not corrected, may seriously damage her future prospects of success. Another point demands her earnest consideration, for upon it depends all striking and startling effects; from the beginning to the end of the part she exhibits not one moment's repose. A restlessness so unceasing, so perpetually emotional, admits of no shading, and is not only unnatural but wearying in the extreme. No human soul could exist for a term of years under a strain of such sleepless excitement. The lightning dashes against the still black sky; as those electric flashes which thrill the auditor when felt are the offspring of repose. It cannot be concealed that Vestrali has leaned rather to the modern melodramatic, brokenhearted, emotional and catarrh and consumptive school, than to any classic form as her model. We regret this, though we do not blame her; for runaway wives, abandoned mistresses and young ladies in a poor way of health, requiring the frequent use of the pocket-handkerchief, are all the rage now, and pay better than any personation which appeals both to the intellect and the heart; and as money is the idol which all worship to-day, Vestrali has probably chosen the right god. The exertion of speaking in not favorable for singing, still Vestrali made a marked success in a clever scene, written for her by Robert Stoppel, who wrote also a very Schumanian prayer, a pretty lullaby and the incidental music. The refrain which runs through the piece is a very charming thought indeed. Judging it from every point of view, we must pronounce Vestrali's debut as an actress in the English language a success—not a triumph—but a success sufficiently marked to afford a reasonable promise of a prosperous future career.

At the Winter Garden Mr. Edwin Booth has attracted brilliant audiences to witness his careful and admirable personations of Othello, Shylock, Iago, Hamlet and Richard III. It would be difficult to decide, by public opinion, which is his greatest character; one party insisting upon one character, and another upon another, as being his *chef d'œuvre*. On the whole, we are inclined to give the preference to his rendering of Hamlet. His conception is so natural, his reading so subtle and acute, and the mental pre-occupation, the result of a morbid philosophy springing from the constant contemplation of a great wrong, which his moral sense would punish while his filial yearnings forbid, so wonderfully sustained and so artistically shaded, that it claims the preference over all his other interpretations of characters. This week Mr. Booth personates Richelieu, a character which, in his hands, always attracts the largest audiences.

Mrs. John Wood's Olympic Theatre opens this evening, Oct. 8th. The house has been completely remodelled and decorated most superbly and in admirable taste. The effect on lighting up is exceedingly beautiful. The comfort of the audience has been specially attended to, so that even the ladies' hoops will no longer be in the way. This is wonderful and merciful indeed. The scenery is all new; the stage has been rebuilt, the footlights being placed below the level of the stage, so as not to interfere with the view from the auditorium; in short, the whole establishment is re-arranged to suit the views of the new proprietress. The company consists of Mrs. Sedley Brown, Mrs. Williamson, Mrs. F. Rae, the Misses Folsom, Walters and Gratton; Messrs. Davidge, Geo. Jameson, Beaks, Rae, J. H. Stoddard and others, and Mrs. John Wood the leading and sufficient attraction. Charles Walcott, Sen., is the stage manager; Thomas Baker, the director and composer of the music, and Mr. Hayes, the scenic artist. We think that Mrs. John Wood is pretty sure to make a success.

Barnum is about to lose those consistent friends of the white men, the Winnebago Indians, this being the last week of those remarkable characters. They cannot stay away from their hunting-grounds any longer, so that those who have not seen them and desire to witness their extraordinary performances should go at once. The great ghost piece, "Edric the Dane," is still performed every afternoon and evening to crowded and delighted audiences. Barnum has succeeded in getting a "Dutchman in Difficulties," and his visitors, they say, are immensely amused at the difficulties of the said Dutchman. Moving wax figures, a mammoth giant boy and a thousand other curiosities are also on exhibition day and night. What a plethora of amusement for twenty-five cents!

SEMMONS & Co., 669 1/2 Broadway, New York, have made such wonderful improvements in their Opera-Glasses and Field-Glasses, that with the latter the features can be distinctly seen and distinguished. Artists, newspaper correspondents and officers, both naval and military, speak of Semmons's Glasses with the utmost satisfaction—their power and accuracy having repeatedly saved them from capture, by revealing the presence of the enemy.

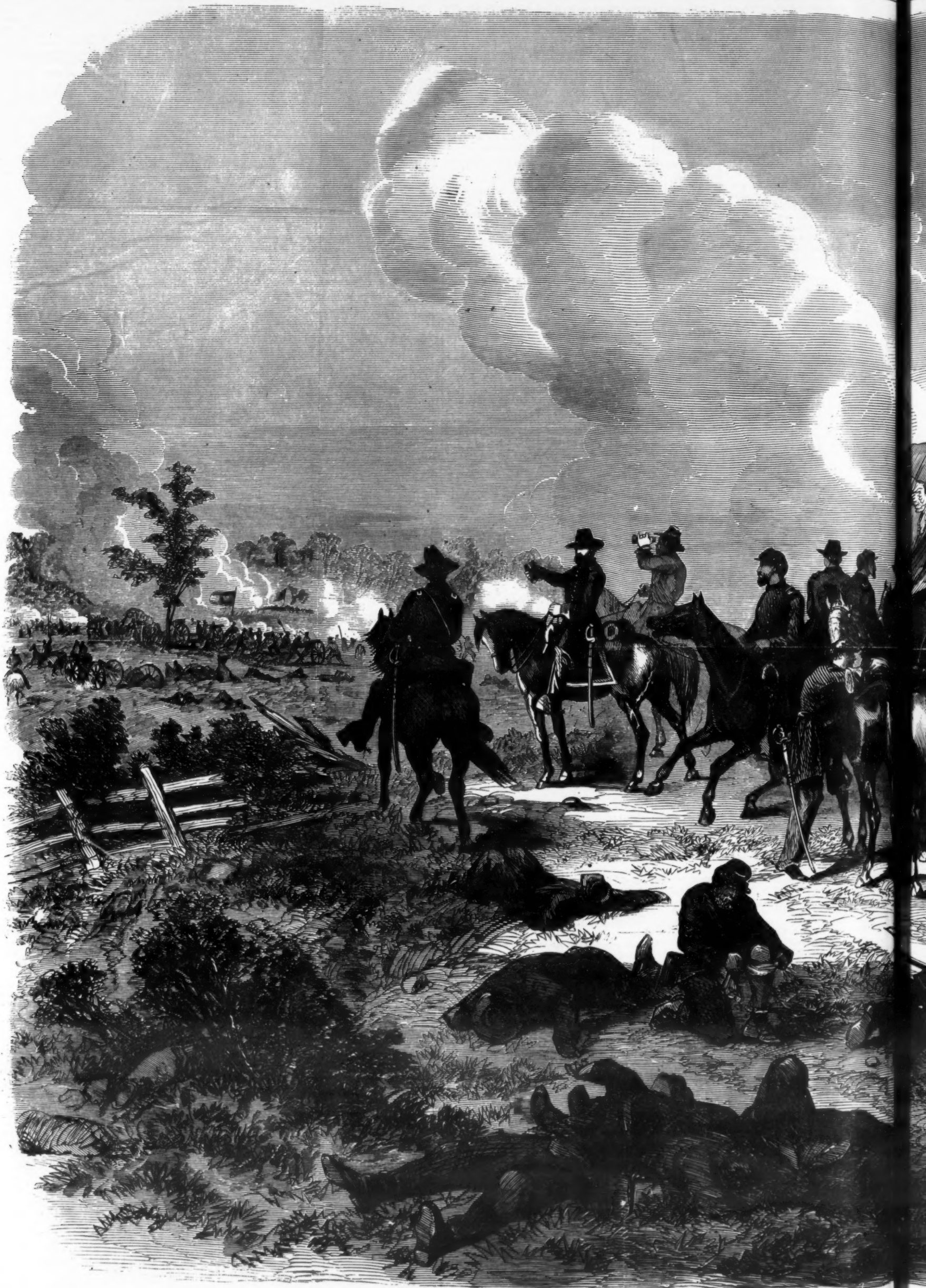
THE Adams Portable Press has, to a certain extent, made every merchant and storekeeper his own printer. Circulars, billheads and every description of card or announcement can be set up, and printed by the 100, with as much ease and dispatch as a single copy can be written. These are at once so convenient and economical that no business establishment can be considered complete without one.

A VALUABLE BUCKET.—Amongst the many curious modes of making money in Australia, none, we think, surpasses the following: A surgeon says that he went one day into the tent of a brother medicus, on the Bendigo, just as a patient was going out. "I have been stooping a tooth," said the surgeon. "Do you get good cement here?" inquired our friend. "Admirable," replied the surgeon. "I saw an old gutta-percha bucket selling in a lot of old tools one day at an auction. I bought the lot for the sake of the bucket, which cost me five shillings. I have already stopped some hundreds of teeth with the gutta-percha at a guinea each, and shall not doubt stop thousands with it before the old bucket is used up. It is a fortune to me. My name is up for an unvalued dentist, and people come to me from far and near."

AMONG the exotics recently introduced into France is a new tuber, brought from Peru by M. Cochet, who has resided 20 years in South America. This new plant has been cultivated for two years in the Jardin d'Acclimatation of the Bois de Boulogne, and has passed two winters without requiring more attention than the potato. Besides its nutritive and medical properties, it is very rich in sugar, of a quality superior to that of beetroot. The yield of this plant per hectare will average 150,000 kilograms (30 tons) per English acre. In honor of its introduction this valuable root is called the *pomme de terre Coché*.

A YOUNG fop, of an infidel turn, while travelling in a first-class railway carriage, sought to display his smugness by attempting to pick flaws in the narratives of Scripture. After trying to show the inconsistency and improbability of several events described in the Bible, he referred to the life of Nebuchadnezzar, and argued that it was utterly absurd and impossible for a man to so form this human instincts, and act gross like a beast. Having stated his views, he asked the opinion of his fellow-travellers, and, among the rest, of a grave-looking Quaker, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation. "Verily, friend," answered the Quaker, "I see no great improbability in the story, if he was so great an ass as thou."





THE WAR IN GEORGIA—BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA, SEPT. 19 AND 20,





20. BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG. — FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. F. HOLLAND.



## THE DYING SOLDIER.

BY JENNIE K. GRIFFITH.

Blood on the cot he unconsciously pressed,  
Blood from the wound gaping wide on his breast,  
And forging its red mail over his vest.

Blood bearing out on its terrible tide  
The soul that was called, to the dim, untried,  
Unknown eternity, solemn and wide.

No shrinking, no awe at the presence he felt,  
No prayer as from soul that most reverent knelt  
And asked that God's mercy to it be dealt.

All through the night that to him had no day  
He was back in the battlefield's maddening fray,  
In the desperate charge, and the battery's play.

The whistle of bullets that dulling ear heard,  
In the wide open black eyes fierce fires stirred,  
And the hands reloaded at given word.

At gesture unwonted, the blood anew  
Spirited over the bosom and bronze face too,  
He thinking the steel of the foe crashed through.

And reaching to close in a pitiless strait,  
Hand-to-hand with the foeman in deadliest hate,  
Closed upon air, and awaiting fate.

But as dawn broke white in the East, there came  
Through the fading vision of blood and flame  
The thought of his mother—he said her name.

The nurse bent over with tenderest touch,  
The hand of his mother to his had been such,  
And he smiled, saying, "Mother, you've wished this much."

He thought he was standing at morn in the door  
Of the old farmhouse he should see no more,  
Looking the orchard and meadows o'er.

Beside him the vine that went clambering free  
Over the brown eaves, a glory to see,  
Had roses the sweetest that roses could be.

The snowiest cloth for the breakfast was laid,  
There was fragrant coffee, and fresh brown bread,  
But the mother was weeping, and no word said.

As danger startles the bird from song,  
So a terror seized on him, vague yet strong;  
"Mother," he whispered, "is something wrong?"

Then all was over. Ah, pitiful sight!  
Something was wrong, but the Father's might  
Out of the wrong will evolve the right!

## ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "LADY LILLY," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," ETC.

## CHAPTER LIV.—VERY LONELY.

ELEANOR had considerable difficulty in parrying Mrs. Lennard's questions as to how she had come to know Gilbert Monckton and his ward; and she was obliged to confess that she had been musical governess to Laura at Hazlewood.

"But I must beg you not to tell Mr. Monckton that I am with you, if you should happen to write to him," Eleanor said; "I have a very particular reason for wishing him to remain in perfect ignorance of my present home."

"To be sure, my dear," answered Mrs. Lennard. "Of course I won't tell him if you don't wish me to do so. He only writes to me once in six months or so, to tell me how my lordship is; and though I have implored him again and again, he won't let me see her. 'She is still little more than a child,' he wrote 'and I dread the effect of your influence upon her. It is out of no revengeful feeling that I keep your daughter apart from you. When her character is formed and her principles fixed you shall know her.' As if I was a wretch," cried Mrs. Lennard, in conclusion, and "should contaminate my own daughter!"

Eleanor smiled as she shook her head.

"Dear Mrs. Lennard," she said, "your daughter is perhaps better off in the care of such a man as Gilbert Monckton. She is as kind-hearted and good-tempered as yourself, but she is rather weak, and—"

"And I'm weak too. Yes, I quite understand you, Miss Villars. It is my misfortune to be weak-minded. I can't say No to people. The arguments of the person who talks to me last al-

ways seem stronger than those of the person who talked to me first. I take impressions quickly, and don't take them deeply. I was touched to the heart by Gilbert Monckton's kindness to my father, and I meant to marry him as I promised, and to be his true and obedient wife; and then when that poor silly Fred came all the way to Lausanne, and went on so about being ill-used and deserted, and wanted to commit suicide, I thought it was my duty to run away with Fred. I haven't any opinions of my own, you see, and I'm always ready to be influenced by the opinions of other people."

Eleanor thought long and deeply over the story she had heard from Mrs. Lennard. This was the root of Gilbert Monckton's suspicions. He had been deceived most cruelly, most unexpectedly, by a beautiful, childish creature, in whose innocence he had implicitly believed. He had been fooled and hoodwinked by a fair-haired angel, whose candid, azure eyes seemed to beam upon him with all the brightness of truth. He had been deceived most egregiously, but he had not been deliberately betrayed, for up to the time of her treacherous desertion of her affianced lover, Margaret Ravenshaw had meant to be true to him. Unhappily Gilbert Monckton did not know this. It is difficult for the man who finds himself as cruelly jilted as he had been not to believe that the false one has intended all along to turn traitor at the last. There had been no explanation between Margaret and the lawyer, and he was entirely ignorant of the manner of her flight. He only knew that she had left him without a word to prepare him for the deathblow, without a line of regretful farewell to make his sorrow lighter to him. The frivolous, shallow woman had been unable to fathom the depth of the strong man's love. Margaret Ravenshaw knew there was very little of the divine in her nature, and she had never expected to inspire the mighty affection of a grand and noble soul. She was able to understand the love of Frederick Lennard, which was demonstrated by noisy protestations, and letters in which the young man's doubtful orthography was blistered by his tears; but she could not understand this intensity of feelings that did not make themselves visible in any stereotyped fashion.

Unluckily for the harmony of creation, wise men do not always fall in love wisely. The wisest and the best are apt to be bound captive by some external charm, which they think must be the outward evidence of an inward grace; and Gilbert Monckton had loved this frivolous, capricious girl as truly as if she had been the noblest and greatest of womankind. So the blow that had fallen upon him was a very heavy one; and its most fatal effect was to transform a confiding nature into a suspicious one.

He argued as many men argue under the same circumstances. He had been deceived by one woman, *ergo*, all women were capable of deception. I don't suppose the "Stranger" placed very much confidence in the Countess, or had by any means too high an opinion of Charlotte; and the best of men are apt to feel very much after the manner of Mrs. Haller's husband.

It seemed very strange to Eleanor to be living with Gilbert Monckton's first love. It was almost as if some one had arisen out of the grave; for she had looked upon that old story which she had heard hinted at by the Hazlewood gossips, as something not entirely belonging to the past, that the heroine of the romance must of necessity be dead.

And here she was, alive and merry, knowing no greater uneasiness than a vague dread of increasing plumpness, induced by French dinners. Here she was, the very reverse of the image that Eleanor had conjured up in her mind in association with Gilbert's false love; a good-tempered, common-place, pretty, middle-aged woman. Mrs. Monckton felt a little pang of jealousy at the thought that her husband had once loved this woman so dearly. Her husband! Had she still the right to call him by that name? Had he not severed the link between them of his own free will? Had he not outraged her honor, insulted her truth by his base and unfounded suspicions? Yes! he had done all this, and yet Eleanor loved him! She knew the strength of her love now that she was away from him, and might perhaps never see his face looking at her in kindness again. She knew it now that her scheme of vengeance against Launcelot Darrell had failed, and left a great blank in her mind. She thought of her husband seriously now for the first time, and she knew that she loved him.

"Richard was right," she thought again and again; "the purpose of my life was cruel and unwomanly. I had no right to marry Gilbert Monckton while my mind was full of angry thoughts. Richard was right. My poor father's rest would be no more peaceful if I had made Launcelot Darrell pay the penalty of his wickedness."

She did not abandon her idea of vengeance all at once; but little by little, by very slow degrees, her mind became reconciled to the idea that she had failed in her scheme of retribution, and that there was nothing left her but to try and justify herself in the sight of the husband she loved.

She loved him; and the angry feelings which had prompted her to run away from Tolldale Priory, willingly abandoning all claim to his name and his protection, were beginning to give way now. Mrs. Lennard's story had thrown new light upon the past, and Eleanor made all kinds of excuses for her husband's conduct. It was his habit to bear all sorrows quietly. Who could tell what anguish he might have felt in the thought of his young wife's falsehood?

"He would not pursue Margaret Ravenshaw," Eleanor thought, "and he makes no attempt to find me. And yet he may love me as truly as he loved her. Surely if God refused to hear my prayers for revenge, He will grant me the power to justify myself."

She could only blindly hope for some unknown chance that might bring about her justification;

and that chance would perhaps never come. She was very unhappy when she thought of this; and it was only the perpetual confusion in which Major Lennard and his wife contrived to keep everybody belonging to them, that saved her from suffering very cruelly.

All this time she was quite ignorant of the appearance of an advertisement which had been repeated at the top of the second column of the *Times* supplement every day for nearly a month, and about which idle people hazarded all manner of conjectures.

ELEANOR, come back. I was rash and cruel. I will trust you. G. M.

Major Lennard was in the habit of seeing the *Times* every day at Galignani's; but, as he was not a very acute observer or original thinker, he took no notice of the repetition of this advertisement beyond an occasional "By Jove! Haw! that poor day! still advertising for Eleanor!" nor did he ever make any allusion to the circumstance in his domestic circle.

So Eleanor hugged her sorrows secretly in the gayest city in the world, while Gilbert Monckton was rushing hither and thither, and breaking his heart about his lost wife.

I think that pitying angels must sometimes weep over the useless torments, the unnecessary anguish, which foolish mortals inflict upon themselves.

## CHAPTER LV.—VICTOR BOURDON GOES OVER TO THE ENEMY.

MAJOR and Mrs. Lennard and Eleanor Monckton had staid for nearly two months at the Hotel du Palais. April was fast melting into May, and the atmosphere in the City of Boulevards was very different to the chilling breezes and fleeting sunshine of an English spring. Miniature strawberries were exposed in the windows of the cheap restaurants in the Palais Royal, side by side with monster asparagus, and green peas from Algeria, until the mind of the insular-bred stranger grew confused as to the succession of the months, and was beguiled into thinking that May must be omitted in the French almanac, and that capricious April skipped away in a farewell shower to give place at once to glowing June.

It was difficult for a thoroughbred Briton to believe that the fête of the First Napoleon had not yet come to set the fountains playing at Versailles, for the asphalt on the Boulevards was unpleasantly warm under one's boots; airily-attired ladies were lounging upon the chairs in the gardens of the Tuilleries, only the most fragile and vaporous bonnets were to be seen in the Bois de Boulogne; vanilla and strawberry ices were in constant demand at Tortoni's; idle Parisians spent the dusky spring evenings seated outside the lighted cafés, drinking iced lemonade, and a hundred other signs and tokens bore witness that the summer had come.

Upon one of these very warm April days, Major Lennard insisted upon taking his wife and her companion to dine at a restaurant not very far from the Bourse, where the pastorally-inclined epicure could take his dinner in a garden, a pleasant quadrangle, festooned with gay blossoms and musical with the ripple of a fountain. Eleanor did not often accompany the major and his wife in their pleasure excursions, the culminating attraction of which was generally a dinner; but this time Major Lennard insisted upon her joining them.

"It's the last dinner I shall give Meg in Paris," he said, "for we must start for Brussels on Saturday, and I mean it to be a good one."

Eleanor submitted, for her new friends had been very kind to her, and she had no motive for opposing their wishes. It was much better for her to be with them in any scene of gaiety, however hollow and false that gaiety might be, than alone in the splendid salon at the Hotel du Palais, brooding over her troubles in the dusky twilight, and thinking of the horrible night on which she had watched for her father's coming in the Rue de l'Archevêque.

The restaurant near the Place de la Bourse was very much crowded upon this sunny April afternoon, and there was only one table vacant when the major and his party entered the flowery little quadrangle, where the rippling of the fountain was unheard amidst the clattering of plates and the chinking of silver forks. It was seven o'clock, and the dinners were in high progress; the diners eating very fast, and talking a great deal faster.

The little arbor-like box to which Major Lennard conducted the two ladies was next to a similar arbor, in which there was a group of Frenchmen. Eleanor sat with her back to these men, who had very nearly finished dining, and who, from the style of their conversation, appeared to have taken plenty of wine. The man who was evidently the entertainer sat with his legs amongst a forest of empty bottles, and the jingling of glasses and the "clomp" of newly-drawn corks drowned a good deal of the conversation.

It was not very likely that Eleanor would listen to these men's talk, or indeed distinguish one voice from another, or one word from another, amidst the noise of the crowded garden. She had quite enough to do to attend to Mrs. Lennard, who chattered all dinner time, keeping up an uninterrupted babble, in which remarks upon the business of the dinner-table were blended with criticism upon the dress of ladies sitting in the other boxes.

"You should eat those little red things—baby-lobsters—*crisilles*, I think they call them, dear, I always do. How do you like that bonnet; no, not that one—a little more St. Jacques, major—the black one, with the peach-colored strings. I wonder why they call all the Claret saints, and not the Burgundies? Do you think she's pretty in the box opposite? No, you don't think much of her, do you?—I don't—I like the one in the blue silk pretty well, if her eyebrows weren't so heavy."

The dinner was drawing to a close, the major was up to his eyes in roast fowl and watercress, and Mrs. Lennard was scraping the preserved fruit

out of a shellwork of heavy pastry with the point of her spoon, trifling idly now that the grand business was done, when Eleanor rose suddenly from her seat, breathless and eager, as much startled by the sound of a voice in the next arbor as if a shell had just exploded amidst the debris of the dinner.

"After?" some one had said interrogatively.

"After," answered a man whose voice had grown hoarser and thicker, as the empty bottles about the legs of the president had become more numerous, "my stripling has refused me a little bank-note of a thousand francs. Thou art too dear, my friend, he has said to me; that has been paid already, and enough largely. Besides, that was not great things. Ah! ha! I said, thou art there, my drole; you begin to fatigue yourself of your confederate. He is too much. Very well; he has his pride, he also. Thou art the last of men, and I say to you, adieu, Monsieur Launcelot Darrell."

This was the name that struck upon Eleanor's ear, and aroused the old feeling in all its strength. The snake had only been scotched after all. It reared its head at the sound of that name like a war-horse at the blast of a trumpet. Eleanor, starting to her feet, turned round and faced the party in the next box. The man who had spoken had risen also, and was leaning across the table to reach a bottle on the other side. Thus it was that the faces of the two were opposite to each other; and Victor Bourdon, the commercial traveller, recognised Gilbert Monckton's missing wife.

He dropped the glass that he was filling, and poured some wine into the cuff of his coat, while he stared at Eleanor in drunken surprise.

"You are here, madame?" he cried, with a look in which astonishment was blended with intense delight, a sort of tipsy radiance that illuminated the Frenchman's fat face. Even in the midst of her surprise at seeing him, Eleanor perceived that blending of expression, and wondered at it.

Before she could speak Monsieur Bourdon had left his party and had deliberately seated himself in the empty chair next her. He seized her hand in both his own, and bent over her as she shrunk away from him.

"Do not recoil from me, madame," he said, always speaking in French that was considerably disguised by wine. "Ah, you do not know. I can be of the last service to you; and you can be of the last service to me also. I have embroiled myself with this Monsieur Long—cel-lotte, for always; after that which I have done for him, he is an ingrate, he is less than that," Monsieur Bourdon struck the nail of his thumb upon his front tooth with a gesture of ineffable contempt. "But why do I tell you this, madame? You were in the garden when this poor old—this Monsieur de Crespigny, was lying dead. You remember; you know. Never mind, I lose myself the head; I have dined a little generously. Will you find yourself to-morrow, madame, in the gardens of the Palais Royal, at five hours? There is music all the Tuesdays. Will you meet me? I have something of the last importance to tell you. Remember you that I know everything. I know that you hate this Long—cellotte. I will give you your revenge. You will come; is it not?"

"Yes," Eleanor answered, quickly.

"Upon the five hours? I shall wait for you near to the fountain."

"Yes."

Monsieur Bourdon rose, took up his hat with a drunken flourish, and went back to his friends. The Major and Mrs. Lennard had been all this time staring aghast at the drunken Frenchman. He had spoken in a loud whisper to Eleanor, but neither Frederick Lennard nor his wife retained very much of that French which had been sedulously drilled into them during their school-days, and beyond ordering a dinner, or disputing a landlord as to the unconscionable number of wax candles in a month's hotel bill, their knowledge of the language was very limited; so Eleanor had only to explain to her friends that Monsieur Bourdon was a person whom she had known in England, and that he had brought her some news of importance which she was to hear the following day in the gardens of the Palais Royal.

Mrs. Lennard, who was the soul of goodnature, readily assented to accompany Eleanor to this rendezvous.

"Of course I'll go, my dear, with pleasure; and really I think it's quite funny, and indeed actually romantic, to go and meet a tipsy Frenchman—at least, of course he won't be tipsy to-day—near a fountain, and it reminds me of a French novel I read once, in English, which shows how true it must have been to foreign manners; but as the major knows we're going, there's no harm, you know," Mrs. Lennard remarked, as they walked from the Hotel du Palais to the gardens. The diners were hard at work already at the cheap restaurants, and the brass band was playing lively melodies amidst the dusty trees and fountains, the lukewarm fountain, the children, the nurse-maids, and the rather seedy-looking Parisian loungers. It was a quarter past five, for Mrs. Lennard had mislaid her parasol at the last moment, and there had been ten minutes employed in skirmish and search. Monsieur Victor Bourdon was sitting upon a bench near the fountain, but he rose and dashed forward as the two ladies approached.

"I'll go and look in the jewellers' shops, Miss Villars," Mrs. Lennard said, "while you're talking to your friend, and please come and look for me when you want me. The major is to join us here, you know, at half-past six, and we're to dine at Vézins. Good morning."

Mrs. Lennard bestowed these final words upon the Frenchman, accompanied by a graceful courtesy, and departed. Victor Bourdon pointed to the bench which he had just left, and Eleanor sat down. The Frenchman seated himself next her, but at a respectful distance. Every trace of the tipsy



excitement of the previous night had vanished. He was quite cool to-day; and there was a certain look of determination about his mouth, and a cold glitter in his light, greenish gray eyes that did not promise well for any one against whom he might bear a grudge.

He spoke English to-day. He spoke it remarkably well, with only an occasional French locution.

"Madame," he began, "I shall not waste time, but come at once to the point. You hate Launcelot Darrell?"

Eleanor hesitated. There is something terrible in that word 'hate.' People entertain the deadly sentiment; but they shrink from its plain expression. The naked word is too appalling. It is half-sister of murder.

"I have good reason to dislike him—" she began.

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders as he interrupted her.

"Yes, you hate him!" he said; "you do not like to say so, because the word is not nice. You are—what is it you call it?—you are shocked by the word. But it is so, nevertheless; you hate him, and you have cause to hate him. Yes, I know now who you are. I did not know when I first saw you in Berkshire; but now now, Launcelot Darrell is one who cannot keep a secret, and he has told me. You are the daughter of that poor old man who killed himself in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, that is enough! You are a great heart; you would not avenge the death of your father. You saw us that night—the night the wills were changed?"

"I did," Eleanor answered, looking at the man with sovereign contempt. He had spoken of the transaction as coolly as if it had been the most honorable and commonplace business.

"You are there in the darkness, and you see us," exclaimed Monsieur Bourdon, bending over Eleanor and speaking in a confidential whisper, "you watch, you look, you listen, and after, when you go into the house, you denounce Launcelot. You declare the will is forged. The will is changed. You were witness, you say; you tell all that you saw! But they do not believe you. But why? Because when you say you have the true will in your pocket, you cannot find it; it is gone."

The Frenchman said this in a tone of triumph, and then paused suddenly, looking earnestly at Eleanor.

As she returned that look, a new light flashed upon her mind. She began to understand the mystery of the lost will.

"It is gone," cried Monsieur Bourdon, "no trace, no vestige of it remaining. You say, search the garden; the garden is search; but no result. Then the despair seizes itself of you. Launcelot mocks himself of you; he laughs at your nose. You find yourself unhappy; they do not believe you; they look coldly at you; they are harsh to you, and you fly from them. That is so; is it not?"

"Yes," Eleanor answered. Her breath came and went quickly, she never removed her eyes from the man's face. She began to think that her justification was perhaps only to be obtained by the agency of this disreputable Frenchman.

"What then of the lost will? It was not swallowed up by the earth. It could not fly itself away into the space! What became of it?"

"You took it from me!" cried Eleanor. "Yes, I remember how closely you brushed against me. The paper was too big to go altogether into the pocket of my dress. The ends were sticking out, and you—"

"I did all my possible to teach you a lesson! Ah, when young and beautiful ladies mix themselves with such matters, it is no wonder they make mistakes. I was watching you all the time, dear madame. I saw you change the papers, and I drew the will out of your pocket as easily as I could rob you of that handkerchief."

The corner of a lace-bordered handkerchief was visible amid the folds of Eleanor's dress. The Frenchman took the scrap of lace between his fingers, and snatched the handkerchief away with an airy lightness of touch that might have done credit to a professional adept in the art of picking pockets. He laughed as he returned the handkerchief to Eleanor. She scarcely noticed the action, so deeply was she absorbed in the thought of the missing will.

"You have the will, then?"

"Si, madame."

"Why did you take it from me?"

"But why, madame? For many reasons. First, because it is always good to seize upon anything that other people do not know how to keep. Again, because it is always well to have a strong hand, and a card that one's adversary does not know of. An extra king in one's coat-cuff is a good thing to have when one plays écarté, madame. That will be my extra king."

The Frenchman was silent for some little time after having made what he evidently considered rather a startling coup. He sat watching Eleanor with a sidelong glance, and with a cunning twinkle in his small eyes.

"Is it that we are to be friends and allies, madame?" he asked, presently.

"Friends?" cried Eleanor. "Do you forget who I am? Do you forget whose daughter I am? If Launcelot Darrell's was the only name written in my father's last letter, you were not the less an accomplice in the villainy that led to his death. The pupil was no doubt worthy of the master."

"You reject my friendship, then, madame? You wish to know nothing of the document that is in my hand? You treat me from high to low? You refuse to ally yourself with me? Hein?"

"I will use you as an instrument against Launcelot Darrell, if you please," Eleanor answered, "since it seems that you have quarrelled with your fast friend."

"But, yes, madame. When pussy has pulled the chestnuts out of the fire, she is henceforward

the most unuseful of animals, and they chase her. Do you understand, madame?" cried the Frenchman, with a sudden transformation from the monkey to the tiger phase of his character, that was scarcely agreeable. "Do you understand?" he hissed. "Monsieur Launcelot has envied himself of me. I am chased! Me!"

He struck his gloved fingers upon his breast to give emphasis to this last word.

"It is of the last canaille, this young man," he continued, with a shrug of disgust. "Ingrate, poltroon, scoundrel! When the forge will, forge at my suggestion by the clerk of the avoué de Vindor, has been read, and all is finish, and no one dispute his possession, and he enters his new domain as master, the real nature of the man reveals itself. The genuine will is burn, he thinks. He is so close with his dear friend, this poor Bourdon, that he will not even tell him who would have the benefit by that genuine will. It is burn! Did he not see it scorch and blaze with his own eyes? There is nothing to fear; and for this poor comrade who has helped my gentleman to great fortune, he is less than that!"

Monsieur Bourdon snapped his fingers derisively, and stared fiercely at Eleanor. Then he relapsed into a sardonic smile, and went on.

"At first things go on charmingly. Monsieur Launcelot is more sweet than the honey. It is new to him to be rich, and for the first month he scatters his money with full hands. Then suddenly he stops. He cries out that he is on the road to ruin; and that his friend's claims are monstrous. Faith of a gentleman, I was, perhaps, extravagant; for I am a little gamester, and I like to see life en grand seigneur. A bas la montarde, I said. My friend is millionaire. I am no more commercial traveller. Imagine, then, when mon garçon shuts up his—what is it you call them—cheque-book, and refuse to pay me a paltry sum of a thousand francs. I smile in his face," said Monsieur Bourdon, nodding his head slowly, with half-closed eyes, "and I say, 'Bon jour, Monsieur Darrell; you shall hear more of me before I am much older.'"

"You did not tell him that the will was in your possession?"

"A thousand thunders! No!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "I was not so much foolish as to show him the beneath cards. I come over here to consult a friend, an avoué."

"An he tells you—?"

"No matter. You are better than the avoué, madame. You hate Launcelot Darrell; this will is all you want to prove him a cheat and a blacksmith—pardon, a forger."

"But to whom does M. de Crespigny leave his estate in this genuine will?" asked Mrs. Monckton.

The Frenchman smiled, and looked at Eleanor thoughtfully for a moment before he answered her.

"Wait a little, madame," he said; "that is my little secret. Nothing for nothing is the rule here below. I have told you too much already. If you want to know more you must pay me."

"Prove that I spoke the truth upon that night," exclaimed Eleanor, "and I promise you that my husband, Gilbert Monckton, shall reward you handsomely."

"But if monsieur should repudiate your promise, madame, since he has not authorised to you to give it? I am not very wise in your English law, and I would rather not mix myself in this affair. I do not want to be produced as witness or accomplice. I want, all simply, to get a price for this document. I have something to sell. You wish to buy it. Name your price."

"I cannot," answered Eleanor; "I have no money. But I might get some, perhaps. Tell me, how much do you want?"

"A thousand pounds."

Eleanor shook her head despondently. "Impossible!" she said; "there is no one, except my husband, from whom I could get such an amount, and I could not ask him for money until I proved Launcelot Darrell's infamy."

The Frenchman watched her closely. He saw that she had spoken the truth.

"You do not know how much this will is worth to you, madame," he said. "Remember, I could make terms with Launcelot Darrell, and sell it to him for perhaps ten times the sum I ask of you. But Monsieur Darrell was insolent to me; he struck me once with the butt-end of his hunting whip; I do not forget. I could get more money from him; but I can get my revenge through you."

He hissed out these words between his teeth, and glared vindictively at the fountain, as if the phantom of Launcelot Darrell had been looking at him out of the sparkling water-drops. Revenge was not a beautiful thing, as represented by Victor Bourdon. Perhaps Eleanor may have thought of this as she looked at him.

"I want my revenge," he repeated; "after all, gold is a villain thing. Revenge is more dear—to gentlemen. Besides, I do not think you would pay me ungenerously if I helped you to crush this scoundrel, and helped you to something else, by the market. Hein?"

"I tell you again, that you shall be well rewarded," Mrs. Monckton said gravely.

"Very well, then listen to me. It is to-day, Tuesday. In a week I shall have time to think. In a week you will have leisure to gather together a little money—all you can get; at the end of that time come to me at my apartment—bring with you any friend you like. I did not think that you are a traitor—or ingrate—and you see I trust you. I will have my friend, the—what you call him—the attorney, with me—and we may come to an arrangement. You shall sign a contract—well ruled—for to pay me in the future, and then the will is to you. You return to England; you say, Ah, Monsieur Launcelot, walk out of that. It is your turn to be chased."

Victor Bourdon grinned ferociously, then took a memorandum-book from his pocket, wrote a few words in pencil, tore out the leaf upon which

they were written, and handed it to Mrs. Monckton.

"That is my address," he said, "On Tuesday, at seven o'clock in the evening, I shall expect to see you there, and your friend. But if you think to betray me, I am not the man to forget. I have the honor to salute you, madame. Bon jour."

He took off his hat with a flourish, and walked away. Eleanor sat for some minutes where he had left her, thinking over what had happened, before she went off to look for Mrs. Lennard.

That night she told the Lennards who she was, and all her story. She felt that it was better to do so. She must have freedom now to act, and to act promptly. She could not do this and yet preserve her secret. Her old ally, Richard Thornton, would be indispensable to her in this crisis, and she wrote to him early in the morning after her interview with Monsieur Bourdon, imploring him to come to her immediately.

(To be continued.)

## HER WEDDING RING.

Ah! not because I thought you saint or angel,

Did I bestow that little wedding ring;  
But that your presence seemed a glad evangel,  
Oh, blessed days that hand could only bring!

No other had the power throughout the land,  
Only those little fingers frail and white  
Could make all time run smooth o'er golden sand,  
And stars burn softly through the darkest night.

My stars, I said—her soft eyes shining there—

My moon—the calm light falling from her smile—

My twilight—shadows in her chestnut hair—  
My roses—dewy lips that mine beguile!

A truce to fancies, though, while there you stand

A queen among all women, proud and still,  
Yet gentle, with the tenderest heart and hand—  
Untiring every human need to fill.

God and his angels let me find you out,  
And so I took you for my life friend close,  
Drank up your soul in mine—no fear or doubt  
Within my spirit ever dawned or rose.

I knew you, having looked within your eyes—

And as a pledge, "I'll keep you to the end,"

Slipped on this wedding ring!—in Paradise  
How many memories with our joy will blend!

## THE ROWING MATCH BETWEEN HAMILL AND WARD.

JOSHUA WARD has long been deemed the Champion Sculler, having successively defeated the best oarsmen in the country. Last year he was however beaten by James Hamill, of Pittsburgh. It was not considered a laurel, and on July of this year Ward regained his laurels by defeating Hamill. A final trial came off, Sept. 28th, at Poughkeepsie, and crowds of people gathered, friends of the parties or the curious, anxious to see the exciting race. The day was unusually fine, and the water smooth as a mirror.

Ward rowed his old boat, Dick Riedea, while Hamill had a new one built by Mackay.

Ward's oars were the first to touch the water when the word "go" was pronounced, and his boat quickly showed in advance. Before a hundred yards were passed Jos. was leading a couple of boat lengths; his long, regular, sweeping stroke contrasting with the quick, short, but powerful stroke of Hamill. It seemed impossible to maintain, for any length of time, the lightning-like action of the latter, which caused his shell to fairly fly through the waters, and Ward's success was confidently predicted, as his endurance was well known. Before three-quarters of a mile was passed Hamill had rolled and passed his opponent, and with strength and rapidity of stroke undiminished he shot ahead, increasing his lead every moment, and turning stakeboat a minute and a quarter ahead. Without relaxing his exertions, either in speed or power, he shot through the water on his homeward path, leaving Ward tolling here less in the rear, and allowing him to realize the truth of the proverb, that "a stern chase is a long chase." The race was now virtually over, for, although Ward occasionally made a fast start, Hamill answered it by one still faster, and eventually won the race in the hollowest possible manner, passing the judge's boat first by fully 250 yards, amid the loud acclamations of the Pittsburghers, his backers and friends, in 37 minutes 38 seconds, the time being two minutes faster than in the previous race.

## THE WAR IN VIRGINIA.

NO ACTIVE operations have within the last few days occurred in Virginia, but in default of stirring events we give the scenes of some operations which have already become historical. The new railroad bridge over the Rappahannock, replacing one destroyed by the rebels, is at Rappahannock station, where Pope fought some of the earliest actions of his unfortunate campaign.

### Culpeper Court-House.

We also show Gen. Pleasanton's cavalry taking possession of the town of Culpeper Court House, Sept. 13. The place was in our possession last year at the time of the battle of Cedar Mountain, but no general view of the spot has been given.

### Benton Station

Is on the Alexandria and Orange railroad, about five miles north of the Rappahannock. It is now—as in Pope's campaign—held as a depot for stores sent down for the supply of the army. During the second battle of Bull Run, Gen. Banks lay here, and before

retiring destroyed all his stores, ammunition, with the locomotives and cars. The place is now fast going to ruin.

### Brandy Station,

On the same road, is midway between the Rappahannock and Culpeper. The ground in the vicinity being peculiarly favorable for the manoeuvring of large bodies of horsemen, the broad level fields being intersected by no fences or other obstructions, some of the hardest cavalry fights of the war have taken place here. It has been recently used as an hospital.

### Rebel Signal Station near Beverley Ford.

Our Artist sends a sketch of a rebel signal station and post of observation south of the Rappahannock river, near Beverley Ford, as seen through a glass from the headquarters of the 5th corps. It is about three miles from the Union camp, and smoke betrays the existence of a rebel encampment behind the hill-top. The signal flags noticed are a red flag and a white flag, with a red ball in their centre.

## THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

THE sketch which we give of this most important battle shows Gen. Thomas and his staff anxiously looking for reinforcements, as his gallant troops, from their temporary breastwork of logs and knapsacks, are repulsing the repeated assaults of the overpowering rebel force, and saving the whole army of the Cumberland from destruction.

Gen. Rosecrans, contrary to his own wish, advanced; and the Administration, while thus forcing him on, diverted forces in the West to Sabine Pass, and left Lee at rest, so that the rebels concentrated all available force to crush Rosecrans, and hurled upon him not only the army of Bragg, but troops from Mobile and Charleston, and the fresh troops from Georgia, and Longstreet's veterans from Virginia. Fortunately these last met foemen worthy of their steel in Thomas and his heroes, and Longstreet's line rolled back, shattered and broken, as it rolled back from the heights of Gettysburg.

After skirmishing on Thursday and Friday, Sept. 18 and 19, Gen. Rosecrans on Saturday formed his line, with Gen. Thomas on the left, having under him Brannon, Baird and Reynolds. Negley and Wood held the extreme right at Owen's ford and Gordon's mill. Crittenden's corps, consisting of Palmer's and Van Cleave's divisions, formed the centre, with part of McCook's on each side. The line generally followed the Chickamauga, though on the left it took the course of the Lafayette road.

Between ten and eleven A.M. Cranston's brigade, of Brannon's division, met the first attack, and in a few moments the whole division was forced back. Thomas then ordered his whole line to advance, and Longstreet was driven back with slaughter, losing the ground and cannon he had gained, and his corps was fast melting under the blows of Thomas, when Polk and Hill threw their corps with impetuosity on Crittenden, and, after a fierce struggle, routed them, and drove to the right in similar disorder Davis's division, of McCook's corps, leaving a wide gap in the line, and exposing Thomas to a heavy flank attack. Beck then his victorious troops returned to meet the new enemy, and Thomas, with Negley and Wood from the right, rallying some of the routed centre drove the enemy back. Before the deadly fire of this new line the rebels everywhere retired, and before sunset Rosecrans's army held its old line, annoyed by distant cannonading, the muttering of baffled power.

During the night Rosecrans fell back to a new line, resting Negley with his right on Mission ridge, Van Cleave, Wood and Sheridan on the left, and Thomas more in the centre.

The fight commenced on the extreme left, and the rebels, about ten in the morning, attacked Negley with all their strength, and Longstreet again rolled his veterans on Thomas, and again a bitterly contested fight took place. At last Gen. Reynolds began to give way, and Wood was sent to his relief. As Davis moved to fill Wood's place the rebels took them in flank, and routing them, severed Rosecrans's line, leaving him, with Sheridan, Davis and Wilder, cut off entirely from the mass of his army. Thomas gathered up the other portion of the army in a strong line on Mission hill, and prepared to resist the last the last rebel attack made with all the inspiration of victory; but his men stood firm, and a cloud of dust to the left soon showed a line advancing across the Lafayette road. Every eye was strained, a moment would tell whether the day's disasters must close in irreparable ruin or there was yet hope of repulsing the foe. It was Gen. Granger with two fresh brigades, which, fresh for battle, now rushed on the enemy and drove them from a hill which he had gained; and, this aided, Thomas finally repulsed the enemy, and fell back, unmolested, to Rossville.

The great effort of the rebellion, gathering all its veterans, and aided by the blundering of the War Department, has failed to crush the army of the Cumberland.

A TRUNK has been known to belong to the same owner (or elephant) for 400 years, also a tall "to be continued," to the same old war. The following are historic examples of long life: "Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live to the age of 1,000 years. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of 50. An eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104. Ravens frequently reach the age of 100. Sane have been known to live 300 years. Pelicans are long-lived. When Alexander the Great had conquered Persia, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, named him Ajax, and he died of him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription: 'Alexander, son of upiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the sun.' This elephant was found, with this inscription, 350 years after. Camels sometimes live to the age of 100 years."

THE STORY OF TWO BULLETS.—The Vicksburg correspondent of the Missouri Republican narrates the following singular incident: "At the headquarters of Col. Slack's brigade I lately saw two Mine bullets, one of which was a rebel bullet of English manufacture, as attested by our dear brethren in Britain to shoot their dear brethren in America. The other was a national ball, of the Springfield rifle type. The former was fired from a rifle at Jackson, on our side; the latter was fired from our line of skirmishers at the rifle pit. They met mid-way in the air, were welded by the compact, and fell harmless to the ground. They are now firm friends, sticking each to the other, closer than a brother or a lover."

HYMEN AND HIS ASSISTANTS.—Men and women now-a-days appear to entertain a great unwillingness to marry; at least, if one may judge so from the way in which the suitor knot is generally tied. Happy couples now appear so loth to be united that officiating clergy men are forced to be "assisted" when they perform the ceremony. Two-person power at least is needful for the purpose, a second, an extra clergyman is frequently called in to help his reverend brethren in their laborious work. From reading the advertisements one might imagine that the weddings out of ten were solemnized by force, a fact that prevents the bride and bridegroom holding at the altar they had each a clergyman appointed to look after them. We can picture the poor bridegroom held fast by one assistant, while another, standing opposite, keeps firm hold of the bride, thus preventing all escape until the service has been read, which is done by a third person—the clergyman-in-chief.

AN Irishman being asked by his angry master what he did to the dog every day to cause him cry out as if cruelly treated, replied:

"Cruelly treat him, your honour! Not I! I never could hurt a poor, dumb creature in my life; but yer honor bade me cut his tail, and so I cut only a little bit off every day, to make it more easy for him."





THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—BRANDY STATION.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. FORBES.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—BEALTON STATION.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. FORBES.



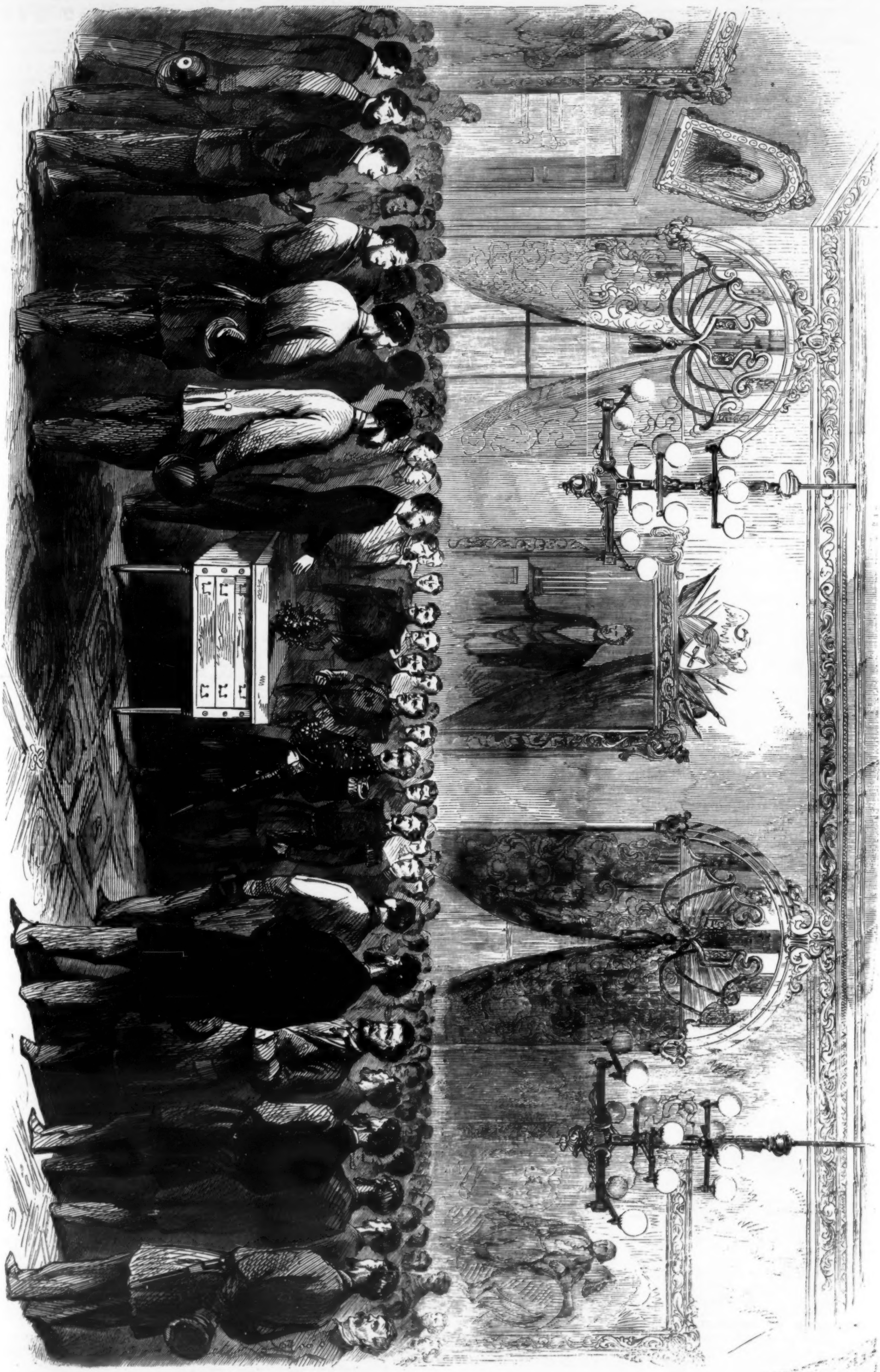
THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—CULPEPER COURT HOUSE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—REBEL SIGNAL STATION NEAR BEVERLY FORD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



RECEPTION OF REAR-ADMIRAL LISOVSKY AND OTHER OFFICERS OF THE RUSSIAN NAVAL SQUADRON BY MAYOR OPDYKE, AT THE CITY HALL, OCT. 2.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.





## FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A MAN may be ever so poor, he may be ever so unfortunate, but he need never be hard up for candles so long as he makes light of his sufferings.

"ANYTHING to please the child!" as the nurse said, when she let the baby crawl off the third storey window.

WHY is a washerwoman the most cruel person in the world? Because she daily wrings men's bosoms.

FASHIONABLE ladies are often like French dishes—more prized for their dressing than their substance.

THOSE who remember their own answers when put to it after "hooking Jack" on Sundays, will smile at the following artful dodging of a Scotch apprentice:

Master: "Whaur was the text the day, Jock?"  
"I dinna ken; I was owre lang o' gaun in."  
"What was the conclusion?"  
"I dinna ken; I cam' oot afore he was dune."  
"What did he say about the middle o' then?"  
"I dinna ken; I slep't a' the time."

We remember once reading in an American paper of a lazy fellow named Jack Hole, who adopted a way of spelling his name which threw into the shade all the triumphs of the phonetic system. He accomplished this by making a big J, and then running his pen through the paper for "Hole." This lazy scoundrel was imitated by a smart boy in the Scotch College, who having to write the name of a famous heretical divine at present engaged in demolishing the Pentateuch, did so in the following extraordinary manner—Bishop: so! Comment is superfluous; he was "kept in" for two hours!

"Yes, Mrs. Johnson, my poor husband died with the cholera, he did."  
"Ah! that was a pity, Mrs. Smith. But then we must have got rid of the cholera; that is, according to your story."

"How can you make that out?"  
"You said he died with the cholera. Well, if he did, they must have both died together."

THE well-known Tom Raikes, whose letters and memoirs have been lately published, and who was a tall, large man, very much marked with smallpox, having one day written an anonymous letter to D'Orsay, containing some piece of impertinence or other, had closed it with a water and stamped it with something resembling the top of a thumb. The Count soon discovered who was the writer, and in a room full of company thus addressed him—"Ha! ha! my good Raikes, the next time you write an anonymous letter, you must not seal it with your nose!"

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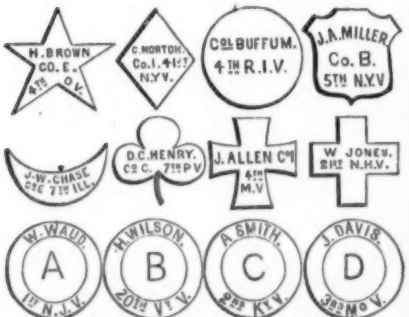
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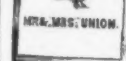
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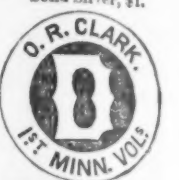
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